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A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Pacific Ocean, performed in the Years 1796, 1797, 1798, *in the Ship Duff, commanded by Captain James Wilson. Compiled from Journals of the Officers and the Missionaries; and illustrated with Maps, Charts, and Views, drawn by Mr. William Wilson, and engraved by the most eminent Artists. With a Preliminary Discourse on the Geography and History of the South Sea Islands; and an Appendix, including Details never before published, of the Natural and Civil State of Otaheite; by a Committee appointed for the Purpose by the Directors of the Missionary Society. Published for the Benefit of the Society.* 4to. 2l. 2s. *Boards.* Chapman. 1799.

AMIDST all the fancies and errors which disgrace the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, we must still admit that they contain much valuable information, and such as would be sought without effect in any other work; and among numerous marks of weak enthusiasm and misplaced zeal, the account of the northern continent of America, by Charlevoix, is, on the whole, the most complete that we possess; nor, on this subject, can we forget the narratives of the honest, the benevolent, and intelligent Krantz. Various other instances may be adduced of a similar kind; *tantum religio potuit.* The present voyage will add to these; and, if we view it independently of its first object, and of numerous geographical improvements, we shall see with astonishment a voyage to the Pacific Ocean performed without the loss of a man; we shall perceive, with surprise and applause, a ship passing through various climates, amidst numerous difficulties, without the utterance of the name of God, except in adoration, praise, and thanksgiving.

Differently as we think on religious subjects from the voyagers, whose attempts we shall soon examine; differently as we estimate their objects and views, we cannot with-hold from them the tribute of our sincere commendation in their progress. Harmoniously united among themselves, with few exceptions,

they acted like 'children of this world' rather than 'children of light.' Prudent, temperate, and forbearing in their first reproofs, they seem never to have forgotten that they were Christians and ministers of the Gospel; and, with their caution to avoid offence, they did not forget to reprove vice or excite to virtue. If sometimes less violent than outrageous zeal would have urged, they were probably nearer the projected end; and, by gradually implanting better views, and more correct motives, they will be ultimately more successful.

Those who are acquainted with the Society Islands, know, that in a climate affording almost every luxury, every natural enjoyment, the inhabitants want various conveniences; and that vices the most infamous and degrading prevail. We formerly contended that the Otaheiteans were once cannibals; and, in some respects, they now scarcely deserve a better title. Human sacrifices are still not uncommon, and children that interfere with the enjoyments, or disgrace, in their opinion, the character of their parents, are inhumanly and openly murdered. The Arreoys continue in full practice of all their enormities; and crimes the most unnatural are practised with little reserve. Benevolence and religion, the eager wish to extirpate vice, and plant the luxuriant shoots of virtue, have therefore an ample scope. The sceptic or the infidel may smile with contempt at the plan; and even the moderate inquirer may consider the attempt in the light of benevolent Quixotism, which might have attained as great a sum of good, by exertions less considerable, and travels more limited. But, if there be such zeal, the object is truly meritorious, and the efforts are highly commendable. We own that we wished to see Christianity presented to these poor islanders under a form less gloomy and forbidding than modern Calvinism offers, and, if possible, the seeds of virtue to be sown, without being so closely united to doctrines which all Christians do not believe, and the wisest cannot comprehend. Much will depend on the temper and conduct of the missionaries; but some of their earliest discourses to the islanders were on points purely Calvinistic, inculcating many doctrines as sacred truths, which are at least doubtful, perhaps ill-founded. Their articles, the foundation of their future labours, are of a similar kind. 'By their fruits,' however, 'we must know them.'

As may be expected, the language of this work (we do not speak contemptuously) is that of the elect. The sun does not shine, or the rain fall, but as blessings on them; and, if it was the subject of reproach to the editor of a former collection, that the providence of God was not once mentioned, ample compensation is made in the present work. It is not our present business to draw the line between the two sects, or to determine how far, consistently with revelation, a particular

providence may be supposed to exist, or expected to interfere. We may however remark, that, while both reason and scripture inform us that providence superintends the whole system, for the benefit of all, we have no evidence that the arrangement is interrupted either to confer blessings or inflict punishments. He, therefore, who experiences the former, has reason to thank that power who has thus conducted the whole to his advantage; but to arrogate this part of the system to himself, which, in its consequences, may involve many others in destruction, is, we think, a blameable presumption. Without deciding the question of a particular providence, we would express a disapprobation of the practice of thus *appropriating* the Almighty's care; and, though it may perhaps show that firm reliance on divine assistance, that resignation to the divine will, which every Christian should feel, we cannot be pleased with the constant repetition of such language.

Having said so much of the plan and general execution of this work, we need not follow very closely the steps of the missionaries. A voyage so often repeated cannot furnish much novelty. Islanders so often visited and described cannot on another view be companions peculiarly interesting. It may, however, be remarked, that the islands in the southern Pacific have been visited by only one class of men, if we except the few naturalists who have accompanied the seamen; and to see with different eyes may offer a picture in some respects varied. Even, during the short stay of the ship among this groupe, there was an opportunity for more extensive inquiries, and more intimate intercourse. The general result, however, is not unexpected. As the curiosity of the islanders is satisfied, and the supply of iron, &c. less precarious, the propensity to theft is less. As usual, benevolent and kind, the Otaheiteans appear compliant and docile. Attached, with some obstinacy, to their customs, particularly to such as are connected with their sensual appetites, they appear susceptible of better impressions; and there is reason to think, that a considerable reformation is not far distant.

The preliminary discourse contains an historical narrative of the discovery of the islands in the southern Pacific, and of their successive visitants. It is a well drawn and apparently correct memoir. The substance of the work is chiefly the account of Mr. W. Wilson, the chief mate, often extracted in the forcible language of the principal actors, from the journals of the missionaries.

The narrative of the voyage is not without interest, and may be read even by those who are not of the missionaries' peculiar opinions, with entertainment. It is interesting, because it contains the ideas and opinions of persons considerably distant in

views and manners from the former viſitors, and entertaining, as it ſhows the firſt efforts of a colony juſt ſeparated from the luxuries or conveniencies of civiliſed life, in a new and untried ſituation. We will ſay more: we felt, very forcibly, the confidence expreſſed by our voyagers in the ſuperintendence and protection of the Supreme Being. 'If I fly into the uttermoſt parts of the ſea, yet there ſhall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand ſhall guide me.'

The miſſionaries, at Otaheite, examined the whole iſland, which is compoſed of abrupt craggy precipices, interſperſed with cultivated grounds. They give a clear account of the minute traits of the government, which ſcarcely merit a particular detail. The population of the iſland is much leſs than former voyagers ſuppoſed. The new travellers, from their perſonal examination, and more correct methods of aſcertaining the number of inhabitants than their predeceſſors were able to employ, conclude, with great reaſon, that, in Otaheite and its peninſula, the inhabitants ſcarcely exceed 16,000.

From Otaheite, the voyagers proceeded to the Friendly Iſlands, and eſtabliſhed a miſſion at Tongataboo. Theſe iſlanders are repreſented as more ſpirited and active, as well as leſs depraved, than the Otaheiteans. With greater boldneſs, they ſeem to poſſeſs more ſincerity; and Chriſtianity appears to have a proſpect in theſe iſlands of a more ſucceſsful harveſt.

With the uſual ſuperſtitions of theſe iſlanders, they ſeem to have no officiating prieſts; and their religious doctrines hang on them more looſely. They are honeſt, and actively benevolent to each other: old age is honoured and revered; and female chaſtity, except among the lower orders, apparently revered. Their natches, and other annual exhibitions, ſeem not only public amuſements but religious obſervances. Human ſacrifices are *almoſt* unknown.

In the voyage from the Friendly Iſlands to the Marqueſas, where one adventurous miſſionary, with a firm perſeverance, reſolved to ſettle, we meet with ſome remarks on the formation of theſe low coral iſlands, which we ſhall tranſcribe.

'Concerning the formation of theſe low iſlands the opinions of men are various; but whether ſuch a maſs of matter grows like a ſhrub, or be the work of millions of animalcules, is what I muſt leave to the learned. It appears, however, that in their perfect ſtate they come no nearer to the ſurface than where the ſea breaks upon them. The part of this iſland that we were upon I ſuppoſe to have riſen about two or three furlongs in breadth, and by the force of the ſea againſt the outer edge the parts projecting were broken off; theſe, as the ſea drove them towards the lagoon, would ſtrike other parts and force them off, and a heavy ſtorm coming on would, with irreſiſtible violence, drive them up in a ridge at ſome diſtance from

the ſea-ſide, and near to the edge of the lagoon. This is evidently the caſe here. The firſt ridge lies within one hundred yards of the lagoon, and about three furlongs from the edge of the reef next the ſea. The ſecond ridge runs within ten yards of the firſt, and the furrow between is about ten or twelve feet deep. The other ridges, of which there are many, are nearly about the ſame diſtance, and the furrows the ſame, differing only in proportion as we may ſuppoſe the ſtorms to have done which threw them up: theſe being compoſed entirely of large coral ſtones, prove this to have been the cauſe; and the ridges lying lengthwiſe in a direction about north and ſouth, demonſtrate that no other than gales from the weſtward could have produced this effect on this ſide of the iſland: and it is known, that winds from that quarter, though not exceſſively ſtrong, raiſe a more hollow and heavy ſwell than any other. At preſent, about a furlong from the outer edge of the reef, the ſtones, after running over a flat of that breadth, form a ſteep wall not leſs than eight or ten yards above the ſurface of the ſea; but even over this height the ſtones are driven, and ſhooting a conſiderable way in, cover ſome of the former ridges, and form a gradual ſlope. Indeed it is almoſt incredible what large lumps of ſolid coral lie thrown half way up the ſteep wall above mentioned. I remarked no other part of the iſland where ſuch effects of ſtorms were to be ſeen; in ſome places more towards the S. E. and where the land was not more than a furlong in width, it was low and covered with fine white coral ſand, mixed with rotten vegetables and leaves of trees that grow upon it: this in general is the kind of ſoil; even upon the large ſtones this rotten matter and the coral ſand are blown, and there the trees are more flouriſhing and abundant than in other places.

'From this time nothing material occurred until we made the Marqueſas. One of the Serle's iſland party had a fever for three or four days, but ſoon got the better of it, and was the only one that ſuffered from that expedition. As we were truſting wholly to our time-keeper, we found ourſelves, after ſo long a paſſage, contrary to our expectation, conſiderably to the weſtward, when we ſaw Santa Chriſtina on the 4th of June, a little before ſunriſe in the morning, bearing E. N. E. diſtant nine leagues. Being thus to leeward of our port, we kept plying till the afternoon of the following day, and took ſeveral compaſs bearings, to aſcertain the extent and relative ſituation of the iſlands.' P. 126.

The beauty of the females of the Marqueſas made ſome impreſſion on the narrator; and we may be allowed to copy what the journaliſt has deſcribed.

'Our firſt viſitors from the ſhore came early; they were ſeven beautiful young women, ſwimming quite naked, except a few green leaves tied round their middle: they kept playing round the ſhip

for three hours, calling Waheine! until several of the native men had got on board; one of whom being the chief of the island, requested that his sister might be taken on board, which was complied with: she was of a fair complexion, inclining to a healthy yellow, with a tint of red in her cheek, was rather stout, but possessing such symmetry of features, as did all her companions, that as models for the statuary and painter their equals can seldom be found. Our Otaheitean girl, who was tolerably fair, and had a comely person, was notwithstanding greatly eclipsed by these women, and, I believe, felt her inferiority in no small degree; however, she was superior in the amiableness of her manners, and possessed more of the softness and tender feeling of the sex: she was ashamed to see a woman upon the deck quite naked, and supplied her with a complete dress of new Otaheitean cloth, which set her off to great advantage, and encouraged those in the water, whose numbers were now greatly increased, to importune for admission; and out of pity to them, as we saw they would not return, we took them on board: but they were in a measure disappointed, for they could not all succeed so well as the first in getting clothed; nor did our mischievous goats even suffer them to keep their green leaves, but as they turned to avoid them they were attacked on each side alternately, and completely stripped naked.' P. 129.

Upon the whole, we find little at the Marquesas but poverty and contented ignorance. The account of the government, &c. we will select.

"Their religious ceremonies resemble those of the Society Islands. They have a morai in each district, where the dead are buried beneath a pavement of large stones, but with such exceptions as in the case of the chief Honoo. They have a multitude of deities. Those most frequently mentioned are Opooamanne, Okeeo, Oenamoe, Opee-peetye, Onooko, Oetanow, Fatee-aitapoo, Onoetye; but none who seem superior to the rest, though the extent of my information is small on this head. They only offer hogs in sacrifices, and never men.

"The chief Tenae presides over four districts, Ohitahoo, Taheway, and Innamee, all opening into Resolution bay, and Onopoho, the adjoining valley to the southward. He has four brothers: Aeowtaytay, Natooaseedoo, Oheephee, and Moeneenee: but none of them seem invested with any authority; and Tenae himself with less than the Otaheitean chiefs.

"There is no regular government, established law, or punishments; but custom is the general rule.

"As to their food and manners, like most uncivilised nations, they have no regular meals, but eat when they are hungry, and here not in a great quantity at a time, this being their scarce season. When they have a hog, they eat of it five or six times a-day; and

when without animal food, they use the roasted bread-fruit, fish, mahie, pudding made of it and other vegetables, ahee-nuts, and a paste made of a root resembling the yam; and this they do often through the day. The women are not allowed to eat hog, and are probably under other prohibitions as at Otaheite, and seem much more servile to the men, and harshly treated. They are employed in making cloth and matting, but not in cookery, except for themselves. I have never observed any of the men, from the chief to the toutou, at work, except a few old persons making cords and nets. The rest idle about, and bask in the sun, telling their stories, and beguiling the time.

" The chief is said to have three wives; the youngest is with him here, the others in different parts of the island. He has several children, some of which live with him here, and the others with their mothers. Observing a pregnant woman, I asked her how many children she had; she replied, three. I wished to know if they were by the same man; she said, yes. I asked further, if he had any other wife; she said, no. Whence I am led to suppose, that, though Tenae has more wives than one, this is not usual, and may be the privilege of the chief. They seem to be very fond of their children; and when I went up the valley I saw the men often dandling them upon their knees, exactly as I have observed an old grandfather with us in a country village.

" Their particular customs I am not yet able to describe; but I learn, the son must not touch the clothes of the father, and must walk before him on the road; and the father must not touch any thing, nor eat victuals which have passed over the head of the son. Before the age of puberty, the operation of slitting the prepuce is performed; and all the men are tattoued, even to the very lips and eyelids. Their diseases are few; I have indeed hardly observed the appearance of any; and they are as yet happily free from that fatal malady which has made such ravages in the Society Islands." P. 144.

To the west of Tongataboo are the Feejee Islands, now subject to the former state, but once independent. Through some part of these lay the famous course of captain Bligh; and captain Duff examined, in a general way, the whole groupe. On the north of the new Hebrides, and a little to the east of Solomon's Islands, some others were discovered by our navigators, properly named from their ship. They are a race resembling the rest, with shades only of difference. A transient visit to the Ladrones, and the Pelew Islands, concludes the most remarkable particulars of the nautical part of the voyage. We must, however, select a specimen of the journalist's manner, which, the reader will perceive, possesses much of the *onction* of the sect.

' 2d. Our monthly prayer meeting. We shall transcribe a pas-

sage from one of the journals on this occasion, which others will feel with sensations of delight as we do: "O Lord, how greatly hast thou honoured me, that thousands of thy dear children should be praying for me, a worm! Lord, thou hast set me in a heathen land, but a land, if I may so speak, flowing with milk and honey. O put more grace and gratitude into my poor cold heart, and grant that I may never with Jeshurun grow fat and kick."

'3d. Employed on the boat. Visited by the king and queen, who supply all our wants. Our hogs are increased to seventy; and we have entreated them to bring no more. One of our sheep brought a fine young ram lamb, much wanted.

'5th. Held a meeting preparatory to the communion. Brother Lewis, as eldest minister, after prayer, examined every one with great fidelity and tenderness, giving such exhortation and reproof as was necessary. A happy openness of mind and melting of heart prevailed; and symptoms of genuine contrition for any past improprieties towards each other. This was the first meeting of the kind we had held, and it was truly profitable: we experienced something of the healing and refreshing presence of God with us. Resolved such meeting should be monthly.

'7th. Visited by a chief priest from Papara, Temarree, who is reputed equal to Manne Manne. He is called an Eatooa; sometimes, Taata no t'Eatooa, the man of the Eatooa: he was dressed in a wrapper of Otaheitean cloth, and over it an officer's coat doubled round him. At his first approach he appeared timid, and was invited in: he was but just seated when the cuckoo clock struck, and filled him with astonishment and terror. Old Pyetea had brought the bird some bread-fruit, observing it must be starved if we never fed it. At breakfast we invited Temarree to our repast; but he first held out his hand with a bit of plantain, and looked very solemn, which one of the natives said was an offering to the Eatooa, and we must receive: when we had taken it out of his hand, and laid it under the table, he sat down and made a hearty breakfast.

'Brother Cover read the translated address to all these respected guests, the natives listening with attention, and particularly the priest, who seemed to drink in every word, but appeared displeased when urged to cast away their false gods; and on hearing the names Jehovah and Jesus, he would turn and whisper. The people were examined by the brethren if they understood what was said, and repeated a considerable part of what had been delivered, and seemed greatly pleased.

'9th. Temarree accompanied the king and queen, and staid to dine with us. He is, we find, of the royal race, and son of the famed Oberea. He is the first chief of the island after Pomarre, by whom he has been subdued, and now lives in friendship with him, and has adopted his son. He is also high in esteem as a priest. His name of Eatooa engaged our conversation. We told him the Eatooa could not die, as he must. A by-standing native said, "that he must

be a bad Eatooa indeed; for he had himſelf ſeen one of his kind killed with a muſket; and that they were no gods who could be killed." Theſe prieſts pretend to great power, as ſorcerers, to kill and make alive; and the people are in much awe of them: but we ſet their power at nought.' P. 162.

'16th. The account they' (the miſſionaries who had encircled the iſland) give is, that they made the circuit of the greater peninſula, and entered Tiaraboo, which Pomarree repreſented as of very difficult travelling; ſo they returned by the ſouth, and were every where kindly received, and moſt hoſpitably entertained by Temarree, who prevailed on brother Main to be his tayo, and gave him and brother Clode each a double canoe, ſhewing them all his ſtores and fire-arms which he got from the mutineers; the guns, however, by the policy of the Swedes, are all bent. Pomarre, and the king and queen, would fain have detained them, not meaning themſelves to return to Matavai till the ſhip comes. Every evening and morning the king, or ſome of the people, reminded them of the parow, or prayer, and joined with them attentively; but ſometimes the natives were noiſy and interruptive: however, the brethren daily maintained their worſhip, and on the ſabbath retired, and enjoyed ſweet communion with God.

'Their ſingularity of manners in this part of the iſland, which had not been viſited by them, their ſinging, and aſking a bleſſing on their meals, excited ſurpriſe and laughter, though probably not the laugh of contempt: for every where they were treated ſumptuouſly, and ſometimes on a table, with plates, in the Engliſh faſhion. We cannot omit an obſervation here made by one of the brethren: "Yet all this kindneſs is not the goſpel: were we as gods among them, we ſhould be wretched, if they believed not our meſſage."

"A prieſt, who pretended to great power in witchcraft, produced a ruſh wrapped up in the form of a bird, and ſhewed me," ſays one of the miſſionaries, "how they worſhipped their god by this inſtrument, and intimated that it gave the divine reſponſe as our bible. To a curious perſon it would have been a feaſt to examine, but my bowels yearned over their ignorance and idolatry.

"The ſame prieſt very kindly anointed my legs, which were much affected, with the juice of an herb, which gave me more relief before morning than all the applications I had made for three weeks before; ſo that they are not deſtitute of ſome medical knowledge, probably the reſult of experience." P. 164.

The Appendix contains fourteen ſections. The ſubjects are the

'Face of the Country at Otaheite; Government—Ranks in Society—Property; Inhabitants—Men, Women, Children—Abodes; Deities of Otaheite; Prieſthood and Sacrifices; Singular Cuſtoms; Amuſements; Cookery; Birds; Fiſhery; Trees and Shrubs; Canoes; Diſeaſes; Comparative State.'

These sections comprise a correct and valuable account of Otaheite, which, however, we cannot conveniently abridge. In the last section some of the preceding observations are recapitulated; and the comparative statement will probably be interesting.

'Hereditary succession appears the established custom at Otaheite, and Otoo sovereign; his chieftains, though supreme in their several districts, owing him paramount obedience, and apparently at present unable to control his authority, and in a state of general subjection. At Tongataboo an oligarchy seems to prevail, at the head of which is a monarch of the Futtafaihe race, to whom all pay homage; yet another person, under the title of Dugonagaboola, has the chief power and authority, commanding the army by sea and land: whether this office be hereditary or elective is not ascertained. Toogahowe, though not the eldest son, on the death of Tibo Moomooe, assumed the government; his acknowledged warlike character probably removed every competitor. Besides these, other chiefs seem possessed of great power. In Ohitahoo, the only island of the Marquesas which we visited, the chief seems possessed of less power than was exercised in both the others. Tongataboo resembles most the government of Japan, where the sacred majesty is a sort of state prisoner to the captain-general; but at the Friendly Islands Futtafaihe has great authority, though Dugonagaboola seems as superior in command as he acknowledges himself inferior in dignity. Thus Tacitus describes Germany as possessed of a monarch hereditary, *propter dignitatem*, and a great general, *dux*, elected, *propter virtutem*, on account of his courage and military skill. In these islands strong traits of the ancient feudal system appear.

'In their persons, the men of the superior rank all seem a larger race than ourselves, or the common people. At Otaheite they were softer featured, more full and fleshy; at Tongataboo more muscular, and affecting a more stately gait and superiority; at Ohitahoo, though complaining of hunger, they were sufficiently plump, and much more tattooed all over, and distinguished by dress and ornaments.

'The women at the Marquesas, for beauty of feature, symmetry of form, and lightness of colour, far exceeded the other islands. At Otaheite and Tongataboo very few were seen who had pretensions to beauty; they were generally large, their features masculine, their colour deeper, and many very disgusting: yet at Ohitahoo the females appeared in the most abject subjection, whilst at Otaheite some enjoyed distinguished dignity, without particular prohibitions as to food; and those who were under restrictions seemed not so enslaved, and at liberty to change their husbands if they pleased. At Tongataboo some were held in highest reverence, and Futtafaihe himself paid one elderly woman the same expression of homage which he received from every other chieftain.

'In improvements and civil government the people of the Friendly Islands appear superior: their canoes are larger, more numerous, and better formed; their clubs and carvings more curious, their land better cultivated, their roads neatly maintained, and their country generally enclosed with reed fences; property also appears more protected, and no arbitrary exactions noticed: while the despotic rule at Otaheite, in many instances, and the insolent demands of the Arreoy society, tend to destroy all industry. Respect for the chiefs is every where great, but appeared least at Ohitahoo.

'In manners, the Society islanders seem the most dissolute, and the Arreoy society the sink of lewdness and cruelty. In the Friendly Islands marriage is general, and, except the chiefs, they seem to have only one wife. It is said at Tongataboo, that adultery is punished with death. There, and at the Marquesas, no infant murders are allowed; but, contrariwise, they are fond of their children, and take pleasure in a numerous family. Though at the decease of Tibo Moomooe, and during his illness, some cruel and inhuman practices are mentioned, yet nothing comparable with the horrible human sacrifices at Otaheite. In another feature also they greatly differ, as old age is as much respected at Ohitahoo and Tongataboo as it is neglected at Otaheite.

'In their propensity to theft they too much resembled each other, though the Friendly islanders seemed the most daring. With respect to the disease which makes the most fatal ravage, the Society islanders are much the most generally infected; fewer at Tongataboo; and at the Marquesas it is happily yet unknown.

'As to native fertility, all the islands, with prudence and culture, would furnish abundant supplies; but as the natives labour little, and trust to the spontaneous productions of the earth chiefly, all suffer at certain times of the year, when the bread-fruit is out of season, a temporary scarcity. At Ohitahoo it amounted to hunger; the mahie was disgusting; and the very animals were pinched for want of food, though no where did the bread-fruit trees appear more flourishing. At Tongataboo, the chiefs, to secure plenty, changed their abodes to other islands. At Otaheite the greatest profusion of native productions appeared, notwithstanding the horrible waste committed at their feastings, and by the Arreoy society; and want is seldom known. The border of low land teems with plenty of bread-fruit, evee, and cocoa-nut. At Ohitahoo there is no low land; at Tongataboo the country is flat and enclosed, and, though little cultivated, very productive. But after visiting all the other islands, captain Wilson observes, that he was forcibly struck, at his second visit to Otaheite, with the superior politeness of their manners, their singular cordiality of address, and their visible improvement during that small space in the scale of civilisation in dress as well as behaviour: and taking into the account its amenity, the salubrity of the climate, the plenty of fine water, spontaneous produc-

tions of the earth, the rich and most romantically picturesque appearances of the country, he felt the justice of the title given to Otaheite by one of the navigators, as the Queen of Islands.' P. 406.

On the whole, though we differ, in some points, from the missionaries, we must, with the former exceptions, approve their attempt and their narrative. Their conduct, compared with that of the catholic missionaries, appears to deserve considerable applause. They did not eagerly adopt new converts, or trust to those who would readily profess Christianity with their lips, without feeling its doctrines in their hearts. We hope that they will not err in the other extreme, and insist on that inward impulse which they cannot explain, and which their converts will not understand.

We are sorry to be obliged to add the account of the failure of this benevolent plan. The causes of the miscarriage are not properly understood; but it is probable, that, by attacking the rooted prejudices of the islanders, and wishing to deprive them of pleasures to which they had been long accustomed, the missionaries excited the fury of opposition. Whether the attempt will be renewed, or whether the missions of Tongataboo and Resolution Bay have shared in the destruction, we are not informed.

× this is a mistake see Evangelical Magazine

The History of the Anglo-Saxons, from their first Appearance above the Elbe, to the Death of Egbert: with a Map of their ancient Territory. By Sh. Turner. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Cadell *and* Davies. 1799.

IN few European countries has the field of historical antiquity been so little cultivated as in the British dominions. Our antiquaries have been more attentive to the illustration of Roman remains, or of trivial topics of mere curiosity, than to the grand provinces of national history. Illustrious names, royal patronage, the bias of education at our universities, have conspired with other causes to render mere classical learning, or physical and mathematical science, the fashionable studies of our countrymen. These pursuits having long usurped the chief talents of the kingdom; it is no wonder that in historical researches we yield to most of the nations of Christendom. Not to speak of Germany, France, Spain, or Italy, if we visit even the northern realms of Europe, we shall find ourselves inferior in this interesting branch of national erudition. So ardently is this province cultivated in Sweden, that every young man, who takes a degree at the university of Upsal, is obliged to produce a printed dissertation in the Latin language on some topic of national antiquity; an institution

which has formed many able antiquaries, and correct writers of history. In the eye of patriotism, such pursuits will appear more useful and honourable than the fabrication of insipid verses in Greek or Latin, or the composition of theses, which leave not a trace behind. It is far from our intention to show any disesteem for classical or mathematical studies; but we wish that a fair avenue may be opened to candidates in other departments of learning.

Impressed as we are with these sentiments, it may be supposed that the present work engaged our particular attention; and we cannot deny that we were eager to applaud. Some passages of the preface it may be proper to transcribe.

'The view which the present author has taken of the subject differs from that of his respected predecessors. He thought that the period of the Anglo-Saxon history, which preceded the invasion of England, was worthy of greater attention, because to contemplate the infancy of celebrated nations is among the most pleasing occupations of human curiosity; it is peculiarly important to us, the posterity of the Anglo-Saxons, to know as much as possible of our continental ancestors. The first book of this history states all the information that could be collected on this point.

'The history of the Britons, during the era immediately preceding the Saxon invasion, is also of great consequence to the clear perception of the subsequent events. This part of our antiquities has been much neglected by our general historians; an humble attempt has been made, in the latter part of the first book, to select the truest incidents from the obscurity and error with which they are enveloped.

'The defence of Britain by the natives, though highly interesting, has never been sufficiently studied. On this subject it appeared of supreme importance to consult the evidence of the Britons themselves. The present day happens to be more favourable to this subject than any preceding era. The literature of the ancient Britons, after a long oblivion disgraceful to our curiosity, is now under the attention of gentlemen able to disclose it. Some of its treasures have been brought forward. The author has eagerly availed himself of these, though few in comparison of what actually exist, and trusts that the intelligent curiosity of the public will call out of their dust the numerous compositions which have so long slumbered, uselessly to the world, in private libraries, and a forgotten tongue. With such unpardonable neglect have these relics of our ancient islanders been treated, that even Welchmen have complained that their language was unintelligible, and a manuscript of old British music is in existence, of which the notation is not at present to be decyphered. While it could have been understood it was disregarded, and thus a monument of ancient days, highly precious to every inquisitive mind, is lost to us for ever.

'The poems of the bards, mentioned in the second book of this work, ought to appear with literal translations and notes; the British Triades ought also to be published. If any old British genealogies exist, they should be collected; every British fragment, that at all appertains to history, should be secluded no longer. Bretagne as well as Wales should be explored. The Danish literati have given, in this respect, an example to the world. A collection like Langebek's Scriptores Rerum Danicarum medii Ævi, partim hactenus inediti, should appear from every country; and until such efforts are made to rescue the relics of history from the destruction which has already consumed some, and is about to annihilate the rest, the literati of every country deserve to be stigmatized for their fatal indolence.' P. IV.

Mr. Turner begins with considering the origin of the Saxons, and then proceeds to describe the country which they possessed before they visited the British shores. It was with some surprise that we found the latter subject illustrated by a copy of the old map of Holstein, by Pontanus, published about one hundred and fifty years ago, when geography had obtained very little precision; instead of, what common sense might have dictated, a copy of some recent and exact map of the country. Nor could it escape remark, that, while the map presents the important district of the Angles, the author defers his account of that people to a detached and remote page.

After mentioning the Saxon islands of North Strandt and Busen, the writer thus proceeds.

'The most celebrated, and the most frequented of the Saxon islands, was Heilig-island. The words literally mean the sacred island, but the date and reason of this epithet are now lost *. In the eleventh century it had two other names; Farria, and Fossetis-land, which have been written with various orthography.

'In the German ocean †, not forty miles distant from Eiderstadt, and rather farther from the mouth of the Elbe, stands this venerated place. If a line from the Elbe to the peninsula of the Eider were supposed to form the base of an equilateral triangle, Heiligland would be nearly at the vertex. In the middle of the sea an abrupt projection of lofty rocks rises awfully from the bosom of

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* Some derive the name from Hilgo, a bishop of the place; others, and in the opinion of Pontanus, verior, from some holy virgins who inhabited it. Their sacred steps the respectful grass never covered, as all the natives will attest and show. Pontanus Chorog. 739. The name Fossetisland arose from its idol Fosete. Altfridus, in Spener's Notitia, 372.

† This description is collected from Adam Bremen, p. 64. Pontanus Chorog. 738—740. 1 Busching's Geography, 166—168, and from the communications of some gentlemen who have frequented the coast. Nieuwerk, at the very mouth of the Elbe, is a mere sand, with a beacon upon it. In 1714 the island was annexed to the crown of Denmark: it had been formerly possessed by the dukes of Holstein Gottorf. Busching.

the waves, and, ſtrong with the inaſſailable fortifications of nature, it preſents one entrance only to the friendly navigator. Viewed diſtinctly, two diviſions of the ſtony maſs are remarked; one, the highland ſurnamed Klif, coloured by its red ſtrata of earth, which is every year diſcloſing more and more of its ſolid baſe to the invading waters, ſeemed once like a mighty wall erected to coerce the ocean. It aſcends towards the ſky with an elevation of forty-ſix German ells.

'A ſcanty covering of rich clayey mould, from two feet and a half to four in depth, produces ſome ſpecies of corn, which once excelled the harveſts of the Eiderſtadt, and a few vegetables, but not ſufficient for the demands of its ſmall population; no trees provide their grateful ſhade and agreeable proſpect; their abſence is compenſated by the happy want of all noxious reptiles. The domeſticated animals of our food and labour equalled the beſt produce of Frieſland; they are now reduced to about ſixty cattle, and as many ſheep: the ſudden ſteeps occaſion their wanderings to be reſtricted. This ſpot was formerly famous for the capture of herrings; it is ſtill abundant in fiſh.

'The other part, the Duhnen or Downs, is ſandy, with a ſmall part of rocky ground, on which ſtands a fourth of the dwellings of the inhabitants, with the apparatus of their fiſhery. One hundred and eighty ſteps compoſe the deſcent from the Klif. The red portion detains the waters of the ſky when they fall. The Duhnen was formerly full of the ſweeteſt fountains, but at preſent the water of its two ſprings ſerve only the cattle and common uſes. It affords no paſturage, but it admits the vegetation of hemp, and ſhelters the harmleſs colonies of the rabbit. A mole ſecures it from the ſea, and a channel deep enough for moderate veſſels, and about three quarters of a mile broad, has, ſince 1728, ſeparated the Duhnen from the Klif.

'In the autumnal ſeaſon it is viſited by innumerable ſucceſſions of winged emigrants *, who hope to find on a rock ſo ſecluſe a ſafe aſylum and more congenial atmoſphere; but its promiſes are deceitful, for man occupies it, and the pleaſure of the monarch of creation demands a laviſh ſacrifice of animal life; yet moraliſts admit, that the quantity of general happineſs is in all probability augmented in that ſyſtem, which commands one being to become the food of another. To cenſure the eſtabliſhed order of nature is to put our wiſdom in abſurd competition with omniſcient benevolence.

'Its inhabitants imbibe health and vigour from its ſalubrious ſky. They are indefatigable in their occupations, which are generally thoſe of the fiſherman and the pilot. Perpetually at ſea, like their Saxon anceſtors, they diſregard the terrors of the ocean, and de-

* The officer, whoſe account Pontanus has preſerved, particularizes the ſea-birds, cranes, ſwans, ducks, larks, and thruſhes, among thoſe which perform this autumnal journey, p. 739.

light to difplay their intrepidity when the agitated waters intimidate others. Frugal in their domeftic œconomy, the harveft of their nets, and the friendly corn of the poor hufbandman of the north, compofe the food which contents them. Their agriculture is too fimple to boaft of thofe inftruments, which diminifh the labour without, perhaps, impairing the fupply. The horfe is wanting. They have not even the univerfal plough; the nature of the country may profcribe it. The fair fex are the farmers of the ifland; they condefcend, or fubmit, to dig the land, fow, harrow, and reap, and even patiently threfh, and with handmills grind what their induftry has obtained: but it feems not to be brutality of difpofition, but the imperious neceffities of fituation, which impofe fuch revolting toil upon the weaker fex. The men, in equal but in varied difficulties, employ their activity, and add the bounty of Neptune to the gifts of their Ceres *.

'A numerous population is not compatible with a life of fuch hazard and labour. The families who inhabit the rocks are few; the aggreffions of the waves concur to prevent a multiplication. In ancient times, the extent of foil capable of cultivation was much larger than the fmall portion which at prefent is vifible. Though facred in the eftimation of man, the elements have not refpected it. In the year 800, a furious tempeft from the north-weft occafioned the greater portion to be fwallowed up by the waves. In 1300 and 1500 it fuffered materially from the fame caufe; but the inundation of 1649 was fo deftructive, that but a fmall part of the ifland furvived it. If another attack fhould wafh away the fandy downs, fcarce one-fixth of the prefent population could fubfift.

'Surrounded by nations highly civilized, this ifland exifts for the benefit of all who navigate the Elbe. This commercial river, from its dangerous coaft, could not be entered without it. A fea-mark by day, a light-houfe by night, it points out the path of fafety to the anxious mariner, and abounds with fkilful pilots, who poffefs the local knowledge which he needs. They conduct veffels to the Elbe, the Wefer, the Eider, or the Hever. But though now fo ufeful to the navigator, it was in diftant times his moft fatal terror. Its capacious port, which opens to the fouth, will contain above an hundred veffels of burthen within its fheltering arms, and defends them from the north and weft. So fafe an harbour, a fituation fo contiguous to many marts of wealth and induftry, invited the adventurers of promifcuous piracy. From the age of the Sax-

* The ifland contained many curious minerals, fome petrefactions of filberts and waxen tapers, and an ore of gold, which was fent to the dukes of Holftein, and in the proceffes of fmelting yielded fo much fulphur as to difcharge the expence of obtaining the pure gold. Pontanus, 739. This is fingular, as gold is feldom found united with fulphur, though auriferous pyrites have been met with in Peru, Siberia, Sweden, and Hungary. 2 Schmeiffer, Mineralogy, 23. 2 Chaptal. Chem. 441. Among the fubftances indurated by the afflux of calcareous matter, we read of human hands. Pont. 739.

ons almoſt to our own it was thronged with maritime depredators *. The writers of every period annex this diſmal feature to its deſcription; and though we muſt condemn with delicacy the national employment of our forefathers, we may rejoice that the energies of their poſterity have been directed to colonize, not to ravage; to explore with inſatiable ardour the boundleſs fields of ſcience and commercial induſtry, not to watch like the ſanguinary tyger for its unſuſpecting victim, and proſper by human miſery.

'It is a ſubject of geographical conteſt, whether it be the Actania of Pliny and the iſland of the Caſtum Nemus of Tacitus †.' P. 28.

We have ſelected this paſſage as a very favourable ſpecimen. In general, Mr. Turner's ſtyle and manner preſent a diſtant, a very diſtant imitation of Gibbon; but his language is extremely unequal, ſometimes ſwelling to poetry, ſometimes deſcending to colloquial phraſeology, and ſometimes disfigured with confuſion or violence of metaphor.

The hiſtory of the Anglo-Saxons is ſo generally known, at leaſt in its moſt important features, that we need not analyſe the preſent production. We ſhall content ourſelves with a few obſervations and extracts, and conclude with a character of the whole as it impreſſed us after an attentive peruſal.

P. 45. The edition of the Tabula Peutingeriana, to which Mr. Turner refers, is the worſt, as the recent one of Vienna is the beſt.

P. 93. 'The exiſtence of nobility among the Goths is a curious circumſtance.' Far from this, it would be difficult to diſcover any people, ancient or modern, barbarous or civiliſed, which had not a noble order.

P. 104. The paſſage of Gildas, which Mr. Turner tranſlates, and imagines to be ſingularly adapted to the ſubject, by its rumbling, rough, fierce expreſſion, is a curious inſtance of falſe criticiſm, the whole complaint of that barbarous writer being compoſed in the ſame tone.

P. 117. When our author accuſes Gildas and Beda of ignorance concerning the Roman walls, he ought to have recol-

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* 'It has been often the ſeat of a royal reſidence. Radbodus, king of Friſia, had his laſt ſovereignty upon it.' The Sea-kengs alſo frequented it. But this iſland has been often confounded with Helgoland, a populous diſtrict of Norway. Pontan. 739. This Helgoland is mentioned in Ohther's Voyage, Alfred's Oroſius, 24; and in Sir Hugh Willoughby's Voyage, Hackluyt, p. 268. The kings of Helgoland, mentioned in the Norwegian Chronicle, were kings of this province. Pont.'

† 'See Pontanus, 665, 737.—Cluverius gives Heiligland as Actania, and Rugen from its wood and lake, as the iſland deſignated by Tacitus, Ant. Germ. 107, 97.—Heiligland has no woods. Pontanus, while he hints the pretenſions of Zealand, ſeems to prefer Heiligland, becauſe it is near the Elbe, and is a tranſlation of caſtum nemus.'

lected that it is very doubtful whether Severus erected any wall in Britain. Herodian and Dio, who wrote near his time, are silent; and the whole rests upon the weak authority of Spartian. If Severus had erected this monument, numerous inscriptions would have informed posterity of a fact so important, whereas the inscriptions found do not name the emperor, and seem to belong to the rude period to which Gildas and Beda ascribe the wall. Even if we allow that Severus erected this fortification, it may have been so ruined by the constant incursions of the northern marauders as to render necessary a complete renewal. But we pass this, and other topics, on which we differ from Mr. Turner, because the dryness and prolixity of such discussions ill accord with a literary journal.

P. 120. Portus Adurni is translated *Portsmouth*. It is Old Shoreham, near the mouth of the river Adur.

P. 122. It is curious to contrast the imagination of Mr. Turner with the dullness of Gildas; the latter saying, or his words implying, that the Britons who defended the wall were frequently torn down by the hooked pikes of their savage invaders, Mr. Turner gives what he calls a Hogarthian picture in ridicule of the British author. This he ingeniously attempts, by depicting the poor Britons as sitting withinside the wall, to be caught like fish with the chained hooks of their adversaries. A man liable to such misconceptions ought not to write history, the very essence of which consists in clearness of intellect, or what is commonly called good sense. An historian cannot possibly appear in a worse posture than when he is mounted upon the fiery steed of imagination. Instead of cool inquiry concerning the most important objects on his route, instead of a patient investigation of those objects, he is galloping over hill, and dale, and down; through meadow, marsh, and quagmire; catching a glance at one thing, and a peep at another, bespattering himself, and throwing mud or dust into the eyes of the spectator.

P. 149. 'When Henry of Huntingdon conducts the northern plunderers half over the island, even as far as Stamford,' Mr. Turner's inference by no means follows, 'as if they could have traversed it with the facility of a government messenger.' It was a gradual invasion from camp to camp; and our author's imagination has again run off full speed with his judgement; which, as a jockey would say, neither sufficiently tightens the rein, nor carries a proper weight.

P. 154. The authors quoted in note 27 are comparatively so recent, that their testimony cannot affect the question. This leads us to observe another striking deficiency in Mr. Turner's literary labour. Almost every page evinces that he is a stranger to bibliography. Authors of great reputation, authors of none, authors of veracity, authors of falsehood, authors of

ancient times, authors of recent description, are blended in one confused mass of equal quotation, and equal confidence. Any person endued with two eyes, or with one, and having a trivial tincture of Latin, may read myriads of books; it is the judicious use of his reading that marks the able writer. On topics like this of Mr. Turner, two thirds of the works which he has perused will never be quoted or mentioned by a judicious inquirer: *quod non juvat, obstat.* In historic investigations, the chief object is to ascertain the age, character, and veracity of the authors consulted, and to select a small but well arranged *corps.*

P. 185. It was sufficient to have stated that the Angli of Tacitus were most probably seated in the modern district of Anglen, in the duchy of Sleswic, without bewildering the reader with idle opinions and conjectures. The supposed etymology of the name is equally objectionable.

P. 193. When our author prefers the recent mode of expressing the sound of *th*, in Welch, by *z*, in preference to the former mode *dh*, he shows a strange predilection for incongruity. In the next page he expresses his surprise that bards should exist in Africa, as if any nation had been discovered without its rude poets.

P. 226. The following passage may afford a specimen of Mr. Turner's poetic flights.

'Alas! the majestical apparitions, though they have long stalked the world with admiration running wildly in their train, can return no more in visible magnificence. Like dim stars, shooting faintly through the mist-wrapt night, a very doubtful glimpse of their glory descends to us. Arthur, the muse's friend, a muse himself, though an all-radiant sun in tradition, is in history but a nebulous and distant star; with shadowing gloom he reposes in the records of truth, though in the flattering atmosphere of Pierian fiction he moves along in brilliancy all diffusing, with a host of constellations emulous of his glory.' P. 226.

This may be compared with the following curious metaphor, p. 86. 'While Gratian governed the western wing of the Roman eagle, and Theodosius the eastern, the legions of Britain, who had so often been conspicuous for their turbulence, seceded from their allegiance,' &c. As it is the rage of the present day to trace the most casual and trifling resemblances of thought, perhaps a minute critic might conjecture, that this odd image arose from the sight of two poulterers struggling for one goose.

P. 253. Mr. Turner is dissatisfied with the general term of Saxon *heptarchy*, consecrated by the usage of ages, and of the most eminent writers in the English language. He wishes to substitute *octarchy*, though he allows that the number of the

kingdoms varied at different periods. Innovation without improvement ought always to be rejected.

Mr. Turner's hiſtory of the heptarchy is on Mr. Langhorn's plan, which has been reprobated by many men of letters. We have waded through it, without diſcovering any thing new or intereſting.

An author who, at the preſent day, would attempt to illuſtrate the hiſtory of the Anglo-Saxons, ought to be completely verſed in their monuments, coins, and language. Mr. Turner, however, does not appear to be even in the ſmalleſt degree acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon language, or remains. In the Britiſh Muſeum are hundreds of Saxon manuſcripts, from which he might have derived the moſt important information. Far from evincing any ſtudies of that kind, almoſt the ſole kind which he ought to have purſued for his preſent purpoſe, he is even unacquainted with the public treaſures of Saxon lore. Thus, in p. 338, his heſitation concerning Offa's queen ſhows him to be a ſtranger to the publiſhed collections of Anglo-Saxon coins; from which he might alſo have illuſtrated his argument p. 367, as there are coins of Athelſtan with the inſcription REX TOT. BRIT. *Rex totius Britanniæ.*

He betrays ſuch want of diſcrimination, in uſing the works which he thought neceſſary for his deſign, that there was no call for him to go out of his way, to teſtify his inſcience of bibliography. The Arabian book of Abulcacim, which he recommends, is a notorious forgery, as has been obſerved by Antonio in his Bibliotheca Hiſpanica, and by Gibbon himſelf, whom our author careleſsly quotes.

But we muſt now take notice of the moſt extraordinary feature of Mr. Turner's book, which conſiſts in blending the dubious credit of certain Welch poets, parts of whoſe works (or pretended works) have been recently publiſhed, with the indubitable and ſacred ſources of Engliſh hiſtory.

Mr. Turner's firſt recourſe to the old Welch poets occurs in p. 84, where he expreſſes his hope that they might tend to rectify the chronology of Beda! Surely this is the firſt time that poetical imagination was ever ſuppoſed capable of adjuſting a chronological queſtion. In p. 148 the author ſays, 'I honour the veracity of the Welch bards, and admit their facts into hiſtory.' In p. 161 the authority of Golyzan, a Welch bard, is deemed ſufficient to decide the reality of the maſſacre of the Britons, by Hengiſt! In p. 193 is another eulogy on the Welch poets, as vouchers of hiſtorical truth. In p. 229 it is gravely ſaid, that the exiſtence of Arthur 'is teſtified by his contemporaries, whoſe genius has ſurvived the ruin of twelve centuries'—meaning the Welch bards. So full of belief is our hiſtorian, that circumſtances, which in the

eye of just criticism would shake the antiquity and authority of those versifiers, are by him adduced with complete confidence. Thus in p. 179 we find Golyzan and Taliessin quoted to show that the Welch gave to the English the appellation of *Allmyn*, a term corresponding with the Latin *Allemanni*, and with the French *Allemands*. But we need only consult the Scriptores rerum Allemannicarum of Goldastus, to perceive that, at the supposed period of those bards, the terms *Allemanni* and *Allemannia* were almost restricted to modern Switzerland. D'Anville, in his Geography of the Middle Ages, shows that, even in the reign of Philip Augustus of France, the term was equally restricted; and he can only account for the French appellation of Germany by supposing that it was derived from that province which was the nearest to France. It would therefore appear that this bardic word in late times passed from the French language into the Armorican, and thence into the Welch.

With similar delusion our author supposes that Taliessin 'became bard to the king of Lochlin or Scandinavia,' as appears from his own poems. There was at that time no king of Scandinavia; a vast region, then divided into thirty or forty principalities, involved in a frequency of sanguinary contests; and to suppose that a Celtic poet was engaged at the court of a Gothic prince, is almost as absurd as to suppose that a Chinese may be appointed poet laureat to George the Third.

In p. 204 we find a note concerning a poem by Aneurin.

'This poem is an instance of the great antiquity of poetic rhymes, and of the aptability of the Welch language for them. The stanzas of ten or eleven lines each generally have only one rhyme. See eleven lines ending with awr, and ten with awn, in Evans, 70, 71. The Welch bards make a new theory of the origin of rhyme necessary.'

Well may it be said of our author, *quicquid vult, vehementer vult.*

We intended to have extracted other instances of Mr. Turner's credulity: but, as we have already bestowed more attention on the book than our learned readers will think that it deserves, we shall content ourselves with a few remarks on the historical credit due to the supposed remains of ancient Welch bards.

We must aver, in the first place, that nothing can be more remote from our ideas than any kind of prejudice against the Welch nation, language, or literature. We respect the good sense, industry, and ingenuity of the Welch; and nothing could afford us more satisfaction, in our literary capacity, than sufficient proofs of the existence and authenticity of any

fragment whatever of Welch poetry anterior to the twelfth century. In the catalogue of manuscripts, arranged by Davis in his Welch Dictionary, and by Llwyd in his Archæologia, some of the pieces are ascribed to the sixth century; after which no Welch writer is recorded till the twelfth. This remarkable chasm leads us to infer that the pretended remains of the old Welch bards were merely composed in their names by later writers; a practice unhappily very frequent in the middle ages. In Scandinavian poetry we are not to suppose that the death-song of Lodbrog, and similar pieces, were really composed by the persons themselves. They in fact resemble the testaments, &c. expressed in the characters of eminent persons, by the French and English poets; and we may refer to the Mirror of Magistrates for a large assemblage of such soliloquies. In the like manner it may well be inferred that the Welch bards of the middle ages often assumed the dramatic character of their illustrious predecessors, in order to attract more respect from their auditors; and, as we may affirm, that the bards were never celebrated for their strict regard to morality, he who suspects that a more illaudable species of imposition, and the lust of gain, sometimes operated on such occasions, will not be found too severe a censor.

The Scottish Highlanders have thought proper to adopt the confined and self-interested notion, that no one can judge of the figments ascribed to Fingal, without a knowledge of the original language. By parity of reasoning no one could believe in our holy faith, or pretend to judge of the tenets of Christianity, unless he understood the Greek tongue. In the affair of Ossian the imposition is so gross, that a moderate knowledge of barbaric manners and of national history is sufficient for the detection. Arguments equally cogent, and equally open to every man of learning, militate against the Welch bardic remains. We need not go in quest of a new theory of rhyme, as Mr. Turner advises, in order to support the authenticity of the Welch poets. We would assume opposite grounds, and pronounce at once that the use of rhyme presents mathematical demonstration that those poems are glaring forgeries. Whether the use of rhyme originated from the Saracens, who took possession of Sicily in the year 828, or arose among the Italian monks in the eighth century (the only opinions which now divide the learned on this subject), it is certain that it was totally unknown to the ancient languages of Europe. With regard to the Welch in particular, we have the positive testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, a learned and ingenious writer of the twelfth century, which we will translate from the eleventh chapter of his description of Wales.

'They are so subtle and ingenious in their songs, verses,

and ſet ſpeeches, that they produce in their native tongue ornaments of wonderful and exquiſite invention in the words and in the ſentences. Hence you find in this nation many poets, whom they call bards, thus employed, according to the remark of the poet, *plurima ſecuri fuderunt carmina bardi.* But, above all rhetorical ornaments, they chiefly make uſe of annomination, and principally of that kind which joins in accord the firſt letters, or ſyllables, of the words. So much indeed do the two nations (the Engliſh and Welch) delight in uſing ſuch verbal decoration, in all exquiſite diction, that nothing is thought elegant, and every thing is reputed rude and ruſtic, if it be not poliſhed by the file of this faſhion. A Welch poet, therefore, would thus expreſs himſelf:

'*Digawn düw da y vnic*
Wrth bob crybwylh parawd.

'In Engliſh it would be thus:

'*God is together gamen and wiſedome.*

'In Latin too the ſame ornament of ſpeech may alſo be found. For inſtance, Virgil writes,

'*Tales caſus Caſſandra canebat*——

'and we read, in ſome verſes to Auguſtus,

'*Dum dubitet natura marem faceretve puellam,*
Natus es o pulcher pené puella puer.

'In no language which we know is this ornament uſed as in the two above mentioned; and it is wonderful that the French tongue, in other reſpects ſo beautiful, ſhould not poſſeſs this decorous invention, ſo frequent in the others. I do not however believe that the Welch and Engliſh, ſo different from and ſo adverſe to each other, agree in this from equal art, but rather from long uſage, which has grown up through many ages, becauſe it pleaſed and ſoothed the ear by the eaſy tranſition from ſimilar to ſimilar ſounds.'

In the Scandinavian poetry we find no rhymes before the twelfth century; but in the Welch (behold a wonder!) we find rhyme, and the ſame conſtruction of it with that in the poems of the fourteenth. Such a circumſtance, as it has never occurred in any other language, ancient or modern, would of itſelf ſuffice, with every man of learning and good ſenſe, to ſtamp on all ſuch productions the indelible ſtigma of fabrication.

We have ſeen that Giraldus does not even mention the uſe of rhyme among his countrymen; or, if it at all exiſted, he conſidered it as 'rude and ruſtic,' when compared with alliteration. Any reader will perceive that this implied neglect in the one caſe, or poſitive cenſure in the other, could never have

been expreſſed by a writer ſo ardent for the glory of his country, to the actual condemnation of all its illuſtrious bards. It follows, therefore, that all thoſe pieces aſcribed to the early Welch poets, are poſterior to the days of Giraldus; and, as they are equally unknown to Nennius, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Caradoc of Llancarvon, who, if they had exiſted in their time, would have been as eager to have rifled them for hiſtorical ſweets as Mr. Turner himſelf, we may conclude with mathematical certainty that they are modern fabrications. They may therefore repoſe under the grey ſtone of Oſſian, in ſpite of the vociferation of modern enthuſiaſts, ſtrangers alike to real antiquarian lore, and to hiſtorical preciſion.

We might eaſily adduce many other arguments againſt Mr. Turner's Cambrian documents; but we have already exceeded our propoſed limits. Our preſent author ought rather to have made a previous trial of his ſkill in one or more diſſertations, than have thus boldly entered the arduous liſts of hiſtory, which require a champion of conſummate experience, armed at all points. If this, however, be a juvenile performance, as we imagine, we are rather inclined to applaud than to condemn; but we muſt adviſe the writer to uſe greater judgement in reading and quoting, to lock up his modern Welch poets, and ſtudy, for a courſe of years, the Anglo-Saxon language, and the numerous manuſcripts in which it is uſed, before he can expect to throw any new light on our early hiſtory.

An Outline of the Mineralogy of the Shetland Iſlands, and of the Iſland of Arran. Illuſtrated with Copper-Plates. With an Appendix; containing Obſervations on Peat, Kelp, and Coal. By Robert Jameſon. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Cadell *and* Davies.

THE Shetland Iſlands, perhaps known to the ancients, have been ſcarcely noticed by modern travellers. Their bleak barren ſhores offer little attraction to the viſitant; and their numerous harbours afford ſhelter only to the mariner. Our preſent very intelligent traveller has examined the only riches which they afford, their minerals, and has added a judicious account of the mineralogy of the iſle of Arran, with ſome remarks on kelp, peat, &c.

Theſe iſlands lie between 59 and 61 degrees of north latitude, ſtretching chiefly from the ſouth to the north, as from eaſt to weſt the force of the northern Atlantic has greatly curtailed their ſize, and interſected the land by numerous bays, or divided it into many ſmaller iſlands. The diſtance of the Shet-

land Isles from the most northern of the Orkneys is so small, and the latter are so little distant from the coast of Scotland, that it requires no great credulity to believe them to have been once united, or at least so near as to form a part of the groupe known to the ancients by the name of the Cassiterides. Thirty of these islands are said to be inhabited; but the scanty population of countries, where provisions are procured with so much difficulty and danger, will not render the whole number of importance, in a statistic view.

'On viewing these islands in general, a wonderful scene of rugged, bleak, and barren rocks presents itself to our view. No tree or shrub is to be seen to relieve the eye in wandering over these dreary scenes. Sometimes, however, a few scanty portions of cultivated ground catch the eye of the traveller, exciting emotions of pleasure, and forming a striking contrast to the barren heath-covered mountains which skirt them. The western part presents many scenes, as wild and sterile as can well be conceived; grey rocks, rising from the midst of marshes or pools, and shores bounded by awful sea-beat precipices, do not fail to raise in the mind ideas of desolation and danger.

'The coasts are in general rugged and precipitous, presenting in many places, scenes truly grand and magnificent; vast rocks of various heights, dreadfully rugged and broken, opposing their rude fronts to all the fury of a tempestuous ocean; which in some places has formed great detached pillars, in others has excavated grand natural arches and caverns, that mock all human magnificence, and strike the beholder with that awe and wonder, which must affect every one on viewing these amazing wrecks of nature.

'The east side of the Mainland, as is also the case in the other larger islands, is comparatively low, but on the west is remarkably lofty, rugged, and broken, and many of the mountains are sensibly more steep on the west, than on the east side.' P. 2.

This fact is so common a subject of observation, that it should not have been brought forward as it is, with the pomp of a discovery attributed to Dr. Walker. Like that which follows of the direction of the chain of mountains from north to south, it is the consequence of the impression of the ocean from the west, reaching to the foot of the chain to which the land owes its solidity.

In the Shetland Islands the weather is chiefly foggy and rainy, without the severe frosts which might be expected from the high latitude. Storms in the winter are common, and they are attended with thunder: they come chiefly from the west.

Mainland is the largest of the islands. Its extent is seventy miles; but it is so much intersected by the sea, that, in some places, the Eastern and Western Oceans approach within half

a mile. The mountains are from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height. Our author's tour began from Brassay Sound, on the eastern coast, near which is the principal town, Lerwick, said to contain nearly two thousand inhabitants. The Ord of Brassay, the highest hill on this coast, consists, like the rest of Mainland, of different kinds of sandstone and breccia.

'The coast from Lerwick to Quarf is composed of sandstone; in some places, however, there are great rocks of breccia, which have a very singular appearance, owing to the immense size of the concretions. On this part of the coast there are several extensive caves; we rowed a considerable way into one of them, then landed and walked to its further extremity. At the entrance it has the appearance of a natural arch, which becomes gradually lower until it is lost in darkness, where nothing is to be heard but the dropping of water from the damp black roofs, and now and then the silence is disturbed by the snorting of seals, or the flutter of the pelicani or columbæ. But the most beautiful part of these rocky scenes, is the wonderful transparence of the water, which discloses to our view, rocks of various fantastic forms, covered with the beautiful millepora rubra, adorned with fuci of a great variety of colours. These by the gentle motion of the water discover numerous species of spongiæ, actiniæ, and echini, of the most exquisite colours, altogether forming an admirable submarine picture.' P. 16.

The sandstone lies on the micaceous schistus; and, from the unequal action of the sea, the schistus is seen rising through the sandstone. In the same way, and from the same cause, at Portson, the serpentine, which lies on the granite, appears occasionally to be covered by it. On the eastern shore of Mainland, our author found the sappare dure of Saussure, which he describes in the luminous language of Werner, adding the analysis of Saussure, which we formerly noticed.

The southern point of the island has suffered greatly from the 'sand flood,' a term illustrating the line in the 'bathos'—

'Twas now so *dry* you'd almost call it *wet*.'

It is well known, that, if any of the plants growing in, and by their fibrous roots, confining the sand, are rooted up, so as to form the smallest aperture in it, the flood commences, and covers vast tracts of land in its vicinity. We had lately occasion to record this effect on the western coast of Ireland, and it has occurred in Suffolk, the sand extending from ten to several thousands of acres.

On the western coast, the granite is found; and our author here observed it running in micaceous schistus. On the western coast, the cliffs are abrupt; and the inhabitants, collecting sea fowl from them, are exposed to the danger of violent death.

The adjacent islands, which our author describes, furnish no important subject of remark. The undulated micaceous schistus, without quartz, is found in the northern isle, Unst. The same mineral prevails at Fetlar.

'It' (the micaceous schistus) 'however disappears, when immense cliffs of serpentine are to be observed, which often afford beautiful masses of rock crystal, also fine specimens of asbestus and amianthus. The serpentine, having formed a considerable extent of cliffs, disappears, when a curious species of micaceous shistus presents itself, which is formed of rounded masses of quartz of considerable size, connected by means of mica, thus forming what has been called a primitive breccia. Saussure, in the 20th chapter of his Voyage dans les Alpes, describes a nearly similar rock, which he observed in the neighbourhood of Valorsine, differing from this, however, in having what he calls a shisto-micaceous base, and containing, besides quartz, shistose granite, and micaceous shistus.' P. 45.

Mr. Jameson afterwards takes notice of Arran, an island situated on the west of Scotland, near the *embouchure* of the Clyde, protected from the inroads of the ocean by Ireland on the west, and Scotland on the east. The surrounding cliffs seldom exceed two hundred feet in height. The sea does not gain on the island; but there is frequently an intervening bank, gained from the ocean by the debris of the cliffs. There is no regular ridge; but, in the north, the grand peaked mountains, rising nearly to the height of three thousand feet, emulate the sublime scenery of St. Gothard.

Brodick bay is on the eastern coast, and its mineralogy is nearly that of the whole island. On the south, the sandstone rises gradually to some of the highest cliffs. It is of a reddish colour, and is compact, like that found in Shetland, alternating with a breccia of sandstone and quartz, and veins of basalt called whyn-dykes. In ascending the hills, on the east and south, a very considerable vein of dark pitch-stone is discovered; and, above the houses, are pillars in various directions of whacken porphyry, a kind of trap, usually called basaltic, but no longer attributed to volcanic fires. Glencloy, which rises on the west and the north, consists of sandstone, with a less proportion of porphyry, and still less of 'scenite' (sienite). The porphyry seems to lie on the sandstone, and to be coeval with it. The sienite, which approaches the nature of granite, is of anterior formation. The various glens around are of a similar nature. We select the account of Goatfield, the highest mountain in the island, about two thousand nine hundred and forty five feet above the level of the sea.

'The lower part of Goatfield is composed of the usual red-co-

loured ſandſtone, and is traverſed by veins of baſalt; this continues for ſeveral hundred feet up the mountain, when it at laſt diſappears, the micaceous ſhiſtus riſes from under it, ſeparated only by a ſtratum of breccia, thus ſhewing the junction of the ſandſtone and micaceous ſhiſtus. The micaceous ſhiſtus continues until we arrive at the plain formerly mentioned; but the ſide of the mountain is ſo covered with the debris of granite, micaceous ſhiſtus, &c. that it is only by the appearance of the granite in the neighbourhood of this plain, that we are aware of its exiſtence, as the aſcent is hardly more ſteep over the micaceous ſhiſtus than the ſandſtone, which is not generally the caſe; for we find, when the ſtrata are not covered with debris, that the ſandſtone is far leſs ſteep than the micaceous ſhiſtus, and this laſt than granite. Even in this way, we have a kind of general rule, for judging of the nature of mountainous ridges: if they be peaked and very precipitous, we may preſume that they are of granite; if they be leſs lofty and not peaked, but ſtill ſomewhat approaching to the conical ſhape, we may ſuppoſe them to be compoſed of micaceous ſhiſtus; and laſtly, if we obſerved theſe ſkirted by lower mountains, with a trifling pente, we may conclude that they are compoſed of ſandſtone and limeſtone.

'The pyramidal part of the mountain has a very ſteril and wild aſpect, being completely covered with looſe blocks of granite, and deſtitute of all vegetation, excepting a few lichens, which only add to its rude appearance. Theſe blocks differ very much in ſize, ſome being about twenty feet long, and generally of a quadrangular ſhape, and are ſo heaped upon each other, as to render the aſcent very difficult. Having, however, gained the ſummit, we are well repaid for our labour, by a moſt extenſive view of a wonderful diverſity of country. To the northward we look down upon the peaked ſummits, and deep glens in the neighbourhood of Goatfield, whoſe arid and reddiſh appearance ſuggeſt freſh to our minds the effects of a dreadful conflagration. Beyond theſe, the iſthmus of Cantyre, the iſland of Iſla, the lofty and dreary paps of Jura, the long mountainous ridges of Argyleſhire, and the far diſtant mountains of Mull, which are faintly deſcribed, preſent a view, rather to be felt than deſcribed. On the eaſt, the well cultivated iſland of Bute, the firth of Clyde, the Cumbray iſlands backed with the beautiful coaſts of Renfrewſhire, form a moſt pictureſque ſcene. Towards the ſouth we have below us the lower part of the iſland ſpread out like a map, forming a ſingular appearance, of heath-covered mountains, and cultivated glens: further diſtant, the charming coaſts of Ayrſhire, the ſhores and mountains of Galloway, as far as the Mull, the ſtupendous craig of Ailſa, riſing from the boſom of the ocean; all delight the eye, and raviſh the imagination. Laſtly, on the weſt, the coaſt of Ireland, from Fairhead, to Belfaſt Loch, concludes the amazing view from this intereſting height.' P. 65.

In this neighbourhood, baſaltic veins traverſe the granite.

This ſubſtance, in our author's opinion, is ſtratified; and ſome mineralogiſts of credit agree with him. In general, however, the appearances of granite do not ſupport this doctrine. In Glen Roſa, rounded granites in a block of granite have been found, and rounded flints are ſaid to have occurred, imbedded in the ſame primæval ſtone. Granites certainly appear, on ſome occaſions, to be of comparatively ſecondary formation; yet, perhaps, even the laſt granite is anterior in date to vegetable or animal productions on this earth.—Particular deſcriptions of the minerals, which riſe round Brodick Bay, are ſubjoined in the language of Werner.

The ſtrata from Brodick Bay to Loch Ranza, on the north-weſtern ſide of the iſland, are next deſcribed. In general, the minerals are the ſame. This chapter, and other parts of the work, contain various remarks on Dr. Hutton's Theory of the Earth, expreſſed in a firm but reſpectful tone of diſapprobation. On its firſt appearance we endeavoured to ſhow that it was deſtitute of foundation; and, indeed, little could be expected from a theoriſt, who, in his firſt ſketch, ſcarcely mentioned granite, and ſeemed almoſt ignorant of its nature and exiſtence.

From Loch Ranza, our author examined the weſtern and ſouthern coaſts of the iſland. In ſome parts, the baſalt ſeems to penetrate the granite, and to riſe in pillars above it; but that granite ever degenerates into baſalt, this writer denies; we think with reaſon. The following obſervations are apparently the reſult of accurate reſearch.

'Dr. Hutton remarks, that "Granite is a compound, which graduates into porphyry: but porphyry is only a whinſtone, of a harder ſpecies. Therefore, though perfectly diſtinct, theſe three things graduate into each other, and may be conſidered as the ſame." This rapid concluſion cannot be admitted; baſalt, it is well known, has uſually a uniform appearance with a ſplintery or conchoid fracture, it ſometimes contains cryſtals of feltſpar, and hornblende, forming a ſpecies of porphyry, which is not harder than baſalt: indeed we frequently obſerve the ſame maſs, in part porphyry, and part baſalt. That granite graduates to baſaltic porphyry, no one has ever demonſtrated, and we muſt believe that ſuch an appearance is ideal, founded upon falſe reaſoning. We might as well ſay, according to the Huttonian language, that granite graduates into ſerpentine, becauſe we obſerve ſerpentine porphyry, or into hornſtone, becauſe we obſerve hornſtone porphyry; or into pitchſtone, becauſe we obſerve pitchſtone porphyry. It may be anſwered to this, that Dr. Beddoes has determined the gradation of baſalt into granite; to me, however, this has as little probability as the other, for as far as I have examined, no ſuch gradation is to be obſerved near Edinburgh, where Dr. Beddoes ſays he noticed it.' P. 121.

' From Catacol to Whitefarland, a farm belonging to Fullerton of Kilmichael, the cliffs are low, composed of micaceous shistus, but defended from the action of the sea, by intervening sea banks, similar to those noticed between Catacol and Loch-Ranza. Near to the farm of North Tundergay, I observed a remarkable vein of basalt, penetrating the micaceous shistus. The micaceous shistus is much waved, but as it approaches the side of the vein, it loses its shining glimmery appearance, becomes more solid and compact, breaks into thick plates, and where in immediate contact with the basalt, it is difficultly distinguishable from it. The vein, as it rises from the sea, is fairly crossed by a species of micaceous shistus, approaching to breccia; and here also the basalt and micaceous shistus are much jumbled together, and some pieces of the vein are distinctly insulated in the micaceous shistus. Here then we have two facts, the former the apparent transition from basalt to micaceous shistus, or micaceous shistus to basalt; the other, masses of the basalt immersed in the micaceous shistus, in a similar manner to the basalt we observed embedded in the granite, upon the side of Glen-Rosa.' P. 122.

From Mr. Jameson's observations on this part of the coast, it appears that the porphyry generally rests on the sandstone; and there seems to be a striking connexion of basalt with whacken and pitchstone, as they often apparently graduate into each other. It is remarkable, that Suckow, a mineralogist of the continent, has found fifty grains of the colourless watery fluid, which he collected from cavities in basalt, to contain a grain of siliceous earth in solution; and it has been observed in Germany, that if the loose stony matter, in sandstone quarries, be left undisturbed for some time, it will be covered with a siliceous crust. There is some substance added to water, enabling it to dissolve siliceous earth with comparative facility, which modern chemistry has not discovered. This alone would ascertain the formation of granite, and perhaps of numerous gems, which are the effects of rapid crystallisation, or of that intimate union which solution only can explain.

The observations on peat, &c. which occur in the Appendix, are ingenious and instructive. Mr. Jameson describes peat, and concludes that it is vegetable matter, in its progress towards decomposition, deprived of a considerable proportion of its hydrogen. We thought, and still think, Dr. Anderson's opinion more probable; for, instead of advancing towards decomposition, it actually prevents the decomposition both of animal and vegetable substances. Its peculiar vegetable nature is not yet disproved.

The remarks on the improvement of moss land deserve particular attention: those on kelp are highly useful, in a prac-

tical view; and the marks for ascertaining the existence and direction of veins of coal merit commendation.

On the whole, we highly approve this performance; and we expect with some impatience our author's account of the mineralogy of the Hebrides; a work in which he is now engaged. We wish that, in his new work, he would give the synonyms of Mr. Kirwan, or briefly explain the nature of each substance in a note. A short yet comprehensive dictionary of mineralogy is greatly wanted; and we regret that the last edition of Mr. Kirwan is still without an index. Perhaps Dr. Townson may not think a work of this kind unworthy of his leisure.

Fables by the Duke of Nivernois. Translated into English Verse. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Cadell *and* Davies. 1799.

WHEN the abbé Sabatier published his Siecles Littéraires, the fables of the duc de Nivernois were known to the literati of France, though they had not then been published. They are noticed in that work in the following terms; and, where Jesuits, Jansenists, or *philosophers*, are not concerned, the criticisms of the abbé generally discover taste and judgement. 'On connoît encore de cet illustre académicien, des fables pleines de poésie, de délicatesse et de morale, qui ne sont point imprimées, mais qui ont honoré autant qu' égayé les séances académiques, assez souvent dépourvues de ce double effet, quand les oracles de son porte-feuille se taisent. S'il juge à propos d'en faire présent au public, on y reconnoîtra La-Fontaine avec un air de cour qui eût rendu sa naïveté encore plus piquante.'

In the preface mention is made of the difficulties of the undertaking.

'The poetical effusions of such an author, exhibited to advantage in an English dress, would no doubt assert their own claim to public favour. But, as the translator is equally conscious of the arduous nature, and of the imperfect execution of his attempt, he feels that no apology for the latter, which the former can supply, ought, in prudence, to be omitted.'

'He therefore takes the liberty of requesting his readers to recollect,

'1. The difficulty of translating any species of epigram, the point of which so often depends on felicity of expression.

'2. The additional difficulty, in the present case, arising from the characteristic *naïveté* of the French language (of which fabulists, in particular, have so happily availed themselves) and the peculiar deficiency of the English in corresponding idiomatic delicacies.

'3. The difference of the verse—French fable enjoying the licence of a loose and arbitrary measure; while the example of Gay, Moore, and other English fabulists, seemed to prescribe to the translator the regular couplet which he has adopted.

'Such considerations, he hopes, may palliate his failures, in the view of any critics, either public or private, that shall honour his translation with notice; to whose remarks, notwithstanding, in imitation of his venerable author, he will pay the highest and most unequivocal species of respect, by turning them to improvement.'

The difficulty occasioned by the difference of verse the translator might have avoided. Gay and Moore, by choosing the couplet, surely have not precluded the future fabulist from the choice of a different metre. If this be a fetter, the translator has fettered himself.

The second fable is ingenious.

'THE DOG UNFORTUNATELY ASSISTED, OR THE BATTLE IN THE DARK.

'Dark was the night, when, thro' a wood,
A traveller his way pursued:
So deep the gloom, so close the trees,
His lifted hand he scarcely sees;
But, hastening to a neighbouring fair,
He must, by peep of dawn, be there.
'A knotty club his steps defends;
A dog, for page, his side attends;
And, thus escorted, he proceeds,
Nor thinks of harm, nor danger dreads,
When, for the curse of luckless Tray,
They find a wolf beset their way.
A fight ensues. The dog was strong;
The wolf in carnage practis'd long:
The traveller too, his aid to lend,
And shield from wrong an injur'd friend,
Lays on his bludgeon all around,
—But only strikes the harmless ground.
The midnight gloom his labour mocks,
And idly fall his furious strokes.
At length he hits, and cleaves a head:
But not the wolf's—O piteous deed!
His faithful dog was in the way;
And now all's over with poor Tray.
'You, sons of Physic, here I call;
Mishaps like this your art befall.
Disease and Nature are the foes;
And, while they mix their mutual blows,
You come with clubs to end the fight:
—But oh, how very dark the night! P. 19.

Sometimes we obſerve in the tranſlation an expanſion of phraſe, that weakens the ſenſe. Thus, in the prologue, the following lines are dilated in expreſſion.

'Je viens montrer la vérité
Sous une légère enveloppe,
Qui, ſans altérer ſa beauté,
Tempère ſa ſévérité.

'Another gleaner—
—— would Truth's fair form diſplay
In ſoft, tranſparent, light array,
Which every winning grace reveals,
And each forbidding frown conceals.

Of the three epithets to *array*, two are ſuperfluous. The word *winning* is alſo unneceſſary; and the laſt line conveys a different idea from the correſponding one in the original. Dreſs cannot conceal a frown.

We extract alſo the laſt fable.

'The hare and the dormouse.

'The long and pinching winter o'er,
Which, many a week, with ridges hoar
Of ice and ſnow had ſpread the heath,
A hare was almoſt ſtarv'd to death.
'’Twas April now—and Nature's bloom
Was ſeen reviving from the gloom.
Her charms again each boſom chear'd,
And leaves from burſting buds appear'd.
Our famiſh'd hare, from field to field,
For ſpots that richer paſture yield,
And might her wither'd fleſh renew,
Her limbs with feeble efforts drew.
'A plump round creature near her ſported,
That ſeem'd from happier climes imported:
A dormouſe he, juſt ſeen to pop
From an adjoining beech's top.
'"Friend," quoth the ſhiv'ring hare, "I ſee
Good fortune ſtill attends on thee.
By what addreſs, I fain would know,
Haſt thou eſcap'd the common wo?"
"Friend," quoth the mouſe, "I never miſs
A luck as good: my ſecret's this.
When tempeſts threaten, I give place
To an unquiet thoughtleſs race;
And, neſtling in ſome hollow tree,
Through winter ſleep, from inſult free;
Nor waken, till the ſun ſubdue
The biting froſts that ſhrivel you."

‘ The dormouſe reaſons not amiſs:
And, in a time ſevere as this,
The lot has fall'n to able men
To hide in ſome ſequeſter'd den.
But, oh! may Heaven theſe nations guard
From times ſo perilous and hard,
As make the wiſe and good deſire,
When chiefly wanted, to retire.’ P. 255.

In the ſecond line, ‘ many a week’ is to an Engliſh reader at leaſt preferable to the French phraſe ‘ pendant nombre de ſemaines :’ but the concluding point is better turned in the original.

‘ Mais Dieu garde nos républiques
De ces temps fâcheux et critiques
Où le ſage aime à ſe cacher !’

Notwithſtanding occaſional defects, the tranſlation is, on the whole, ably executed. A prefatory fable by the tranſlator introduces the work ; we copy it, as a fairer ſpecimen of his poetical talents.

‘ THE NIGHTINGALE, THE BULLFINCH, AND THE OWL.

‘ Where high o'er Avon, frowning wild,
Saint Vincent's hoary cliffs are pil'd,
Whoſe moonlight ſhadows dimly gleam,
Like giant ſpectres, on the ſtream,
A nightingale, the evening muſe,
Her annual ſeat was known to chuſe,
And, with the ſweeteſt voice of Spring,
Bid Avon's nightly echoes ring.
The prowling bird who loves the dark ;
The pilot of the paſſing bark ;
Or crew of ſome benighted ſkiff,
Who wait beneath the airy cliff,
To catch the hour of evening tide,
And up the refluent river glide ;
Or (gueſts of gentler kind, tho' rare)
The muſing bard, and tender pair ;
—To ſuch alone the boon was given
To hear the ſweeteſt voice of Heaven.
And many a gentle warbler doz'd,
With head beneath his wing repos'd,
Nor knew the melting lays of love
Were waſted on the ſlumbering grove.
Yet once a bullfinch, through the night,
O'erheard the ſong, with fond delight ;
And tried, at morn's returning hour,
To catch the notes by mimic power ;

When thus an owl, not yet remov'd
To daily rooſt, the aim reprov'd;
"Doſt thou preſume, thou parrot vain,
To rival night's tranſcendant ſtrain?"
"No," quoth the bullfinch, "ſpare the taunt;
Nor twit me with th' audacious vaunt.
To all the feather'd kind 'tis known
I boaſt no muſic of my own.
And now, for luckleſs birds of day,
Strangers to night's tranſcendent lay,
I only try, with mimic throat,
To echo Philomela's note.
But, ſhould the ſcholar tempt the throng,
To liſten to the maſter's ſong,
Then, mute his breath, his voice ſuppreſs'd,
He too will liſten with the reſt."

Some of the beſt fables which we have ever ſeen are by the Spaniard Yriarte. They well deſerve to be tranſlated.

Elements of Chriſtian Theology: containing, Proofs of the Authenticity and Inſpiration of the Holy Scriptures; a Summary of the Hiſtory of the Jews; a brief Statement of the Contents of the ſeveral Books of the Old and New Teſtaments; a ſhort Account of the Engliſh Tranſlations of the Bible and of the Liturgy of the Church of England; and a Scriptural Expoſition of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. By George Pretyman, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Biſhop of Lincoln. Deſigned principally for the Uſe of Young Students in Divinity. 2 Vols. 8vo. 14s. Boards. Cadell *and* Davies. 1799.

THE great attention paid by the right reverend author of this work to the qualifications of thoſe candidates who preſent themſelves before him for holy orders, entitles him to the reſpect of the clergy, and of every friend of the church of England. It is by ſuch attention alone, that, in times of moral laxity, the clerical character can be properly ſupported. When, from a miſtaken notion of lenity and indulgence, an unworthy candidate is permitted to paſs through the examination, not only does the church ſuffer by ſuch an intruſion, but the candidate himſelf in ſubſequent life has frequent occaſion to lament that he has by the miſtakes of his friends been placed in a ſituation whoſe duties he is little calculated to fulfil. From the experience which the prelate had of the deficiency of many candidates in profeſſional knowledge, he was induced to write this work for the aſſiſtance of ſtudents; and we cannot give him too much praiſe for engaging in ſo uſeful an undertaking. We

may presume to hope, that no examining chaplain will present to a bishop a candidate who does not give evident proofs either of having studied this work with attention, or of his capacity to answer most of the questions which the perusal of it may suggest to the examiner.

The author was tutor in the university to the present first lord of the treasury, was afterwards his private secretary, and, through his pupil's interest, is now bishop of Lincoln, and dean of St. Paul's. The uninterrupted friendship which has subsisted between them does honour to both; and, in dedicating these volumes to the statesman, the pupil, the friend, and the patron, the language of panegyric is blended with sentiments of affection, esteem, and gratitude, well compensating any blemishes in the composition, which might obtrude themselves on the fastidious eye of criticism. In the preface we find a short prospectus of the whole work, which is divided into two parts—an account of the Bible, and an exposition of the thirty-nine articles—each part being comprehended in a separate volume. In the first volume is given an essay on the authenticity and inspiration of the books of the Old Testament, which is followed by an account of the contents of each book. The history contained in the Old Testament is then abridged; and, when that fails, the history of the Jews is continued from other writers to the destruction of Jerusalem. The account of the New Testament is prefaced by a history of its canon, and an essay on the inspiration of the writers. A sketch of each book is then given; and the whole is concluded with a short abridgement of the evangelical history. In this part novelty is not to be expected: perspicuity is the prevailing feature.

For the use of the clergy, the prelate has inserted a catalogue of books, which, in his estimation, every ecclesiastic ought to possess. The aggregate price of these books amounts to *72l. 15s. 6d.* In this list, we were surprised at the omission of the valuable collection of tracts published by Dr. Watson, which would be of more real use in a clergyman's library than a number of volumes in the catalogue at ten times their price.

In the second volume we observe a short account of the English translations of the Bible from the earliest to that of the year 1610. A still more concise account is then given of the liturgy; a short history of the thirty-nine articles follows, and is concluded with the articles themselves in Latin. These articles are successively explained in the remaining part of the volume, which is in fact the most important part of the work. It is to be lamented that it did not enter into the writer's plan to give a more copious account of the translations of the Bible, and of select parts of it, which have been attended with such evident advantage to scriptural truth since the time of king James.

This might have been done without increasing the size of the volume; for, with the utmost respect for this writer, and acknowledgements of the general merits of his plan, we can scarcely think it justifiable to extract page after page from other writers, and often from writers of no great merit or authority. If he had abridged their sentiments, or had used his own sentiments and language upon those points on which he thought it necessary to look out for foreign assistance, he would have had ample room for more extensive and useful information respecting the valuable additions that have been made to biblical literature within the two last centuries.

The articles are explained, paragraph by paragraph, in a satisfactory manner. The nature of the work does not allow the writer to enter into a very wide field of demonstration; but, in general, he gives the reader a clear insight into every question; and for farther explanation references are made to those writers who have been more diffuse on each topic. At times we could have wished for fuller proofs from the author himself, since assertions coming from so high an authority will be embraced by many students as almost gospel truths, and it will be unpleasing to them to find contradiction on points which they supposed were almost self-evident. Thus in one place it is said, that the proposition, 'the Godhead consists of three persons, made part of the original revelation to mankind.' In another place the word Elohim is twisted into a proof of the trinity; and 'God was manifest in the flesh' is taken for an original reading of scripture. On the last position we read with attention the bishop's critical note. He says, 'I cannot consider this as a doubtful text; and whoever will take the trouble of reading Wetstein's long and laboured note upon this verse will, I think, be convinced both of its purity as it now stands in our Greek Testaments, and of its force in proving the divinity of our Saviour.' We have read this note in Wetstein, and the note in Griesbach; we have examined the celebrated ος or Θεος in the Alexandrine manuscript, with Dr. Woide; we have seen Mill, Whitby, and Pearson, to whom our author refers us; but the result of all our reading is a different conclusion from that which his lordship has drawn. We are by no means convinced that Θεος was the original reading; nor, if it were, do we see much force in it as a proof of the divinity of our Saviour. That this proof is not necessary is evident from a circumstance to which the author does not seem to have attended. The Romish church firmly believes in the divinity of our Saviour; yet the disputed word *God* is not to be found in this text in any of its Testaments. It could not have been intentionally omitted by that church; nor is it easy to account for its reading *which* instead of *God*, unless by saying that the word *God* was absent from some of the

Greek copies. This text, indeed, can be placed only among doubtful texts; and, as the Romish church can reject the use of such a weapon, we see no reason why the church of England should be anxious to wield it.

We were sorry to see so much stress laid upon the expressions 'to call upon the name of Christ,' without any inquiry into the real meaning of the terms in the original on which the whole of the controversy depends. There are several other instances in which the author seems to have adopted the vulgar opinion rather than to have made the question an object of personal inquiry. Thus he makes the Socinians deny the doctrine of the atonement, without referring to the passage in Socinus, or the fratres Poloni, in which he presumes that such a denial is to be found. He also supports the notion that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a feast upon a sacrifice, without a sufficient explanation of the terms feast and sacrifice, or references to scripture and other authorities by which such an idea can be justified.

We were pleased with the full and decisive judgement pronounced by this writer on the famous controversy of the three witnesses in St. John's epistle.

'I purposely omit the contested passage in the first epistle of St. John, "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." In any case it would be improper to produce a doubtful text in support of so important a doctrine as that of the Trinity; but I must own, that after an attentive consideration of the controversy relative to that passage, I am convinced that it is spurious.' P. 90.

This confession does honour to the author; and we hope that his influence will be exerted to free our Bibles from the interpolation.

In the explanation of different passages, such copious extracts are made from other writers, that the second volume has the appearance of a compilation instead of an original work. This is the more to be lamented, because the quoted authors frequently do not carry with them so much weight as our episcopal writer; and it was evidently a mistaken humility which led him to prefer these extraneous sentiments to his own decisions.

But this blemish may easily, and will we hope speedily, be removed. The plan of the work admits the alteration; and, instead of extracting from authors, mere references may be made to their works.

Upon the whole, this is a very useful performance, which does great credit to its author; the more particularly, as he does not descend to the modern fashion of frittering away the articles. His mode of interpreting them may be easily con-

ceived from his ideas of the manner in which they ought to be ſubſcribed. We tranſcribe this paſſage with great pleaſure, as there never was a time in which an enforcement of the leſſon contained in it was more requiſite.

'I have thus endeavoured to explain the meaning of "the thirty-nine articles of religion," and to prove that they are founded in ſcripture, and conformable to the opinions of the early Chriſtians. All perſons, when they enter into holy orders, or are admitted to any eccleſiaſtical cure or benefice, are required by law to ſubſcribe theſe articles, with a deſign that thoſe who are employed in the miniſtry of our eſtabliſhed church, whether as curates or incumbents, ſhould unfeignedly believe the truth of the doctrines which they contain. "The avoiding of diverſities of opinion, and the eſtabliſhing of conſent touching true religion," was the profeſſed object of theſe articles; and conſequently they loſe their effect, if they do not produce a general agreement among ſuch as ſubſcribe them. "I do willingly and ex animo ſubſcribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England," is the indiſpenſable form of ſubſcription; and therefore it behoves every one, before he offers himſelf a candidate for holy orders, to peruſe carefully the articles of our church, and to compare them with the written word of God. If, upon mature examination, he believes them to be authoriſed by ſcripture, he may conſcientiouſly ſubſcribe them; but if, on the contrary, he thinks that he ſees reaſon to diſſent from any of the doctrines aſſerted in them, no hope of emolument or honour, no dread of inconvenience or diſappointment, ſhould induce him to expreſs his ſolemn aſſent to propoſitions, which in fact he does not believe. It is not indeed neceſſary that he ſhould approve every word or expreſſion, but he ought to believe all the fundamental doctrines of the articles; all thoſe tenets in which our church differs from other churches, or from other ſects of Chriſtians. He ought to feel that he can from his own conviction maintain the purity of our eſtabliſhed religion, and ſincerely and zealouſly enforce thoſe points of faith and practice, which our church declares to be the revealed will of God. This appears to me the only juſt ground of conſcientious ſubſcription to the articles; and let it be ever remembered, that in a buſineſs of this ſerious and important nature, no ſpecies whatever of evaſion, ſubterfuge, or reſerve is to be allowed, or can be practiſed, without imminent danger of incurring the wrath of God. The articles are to be ſubſcribed in their plain and obvious ſenſe, and aſſent is to be given to them ſimply and unequivocally. Thus only can a perſon offer himſelf at the table of the Lord as his miniſter with ſafety; thus only can he expect to receive the divine bleſſing upon that courſe of life to which he then ſolemnly devotes himſelf.' P. 566.

St. Leon: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By William Godwin. In 4 Vols. 12mo. 16s. sewed. Robinsons, 1799.

TO perpetuate life, and procure that degree of opulence which will multiply the comforts of existence, are strong and natural desires. Hence it was long the aim of men of science and philosophy to discover the means of obviating the dreaded evils of poverty, and of checking the approach of age and the ravages of death. The philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life, were the curious objects of real or pretended search; and the investigators of those secrets held out to the world the probable prospect of their ultimate discovery.

That a writer so romantic in his ideas as Mr. Godwin should make these delusions the foundation of a romance, is not a matter of astonishment. They are calculated to call forth the powers of invention and genius; they furnish opportunities for acuteness and novelty of remark; and they tend to display the human mind in interesting points of view.

Of the tale which gave rise to these reflexions, Reginald de St. Leon is the hero. Being the descendant of an ancient and honorable French family, to which had belonged some renowned warriors, he was early inspired with military ambition. He joined the army of Francis I. in an expedition to Italy, and distinguished himself at the siege and in the battle of Pavia. He afterwards entered into scenes of gaiety and dissipation, and became a voluptuary and a gamester. In the midst of the career of pleasure which he pursued at Paris, he was captivated with the powerful attractions of Marguerite de Damville; gave her his hand; and, at the peremptory desire of her father, relinquished his vicious indulgences for the joys of rural retirement. Many years did he pass in the enjoyment of domestic felicity, in the society of an estimable wife and of amiable children. But, being induced to revisit Paris, with a view to the improvement of his son, he relapsed into the habit of gaming, and was soon deprived of almost the whole of his property. A keen sense of his folly, and a regret for his losses, reduced him to a state of phrensy, from which he was with difficulty rescued by the continued and judicious attentions of Marguerite, who conducted him, while he was still insane, into one of the Swiss cantons. As he could not easily reconcile himself to poverty and obscurity, it was the task of his wife, while he was slowly recovering his intellects, to inculcate the expediency of acquiescence and content. A part of the reasoning ascribed to her we will quote, as it is marked with good sense.

'Let us at length dismiss artificial tastes, and idle and visionary

pursuits, that do not flow in a direct line from any of the genuine principles of our nature! Here we are surrounded with sources of happiness. Here we may live in true patriarchal simplicity What is chivalry, what is military prowess and glory? Believe me, they are the passions of a mind depraved, that with ambitious refinement seeks to be wise beyond the dictates of sentiment or reason! There is no happiness so solid, or so perfect, as that which disdains these refinements.' Vol. i. p. 226.

'How cumbrous is magnificence? The moderate man is the only free. He who reduces all beneath him to a state of servitude, becomes himself the slave of his establishment, and of all his domestics. To diminish the cases in which the assistance of others is felt absolutely necessary, is the only genuine road to independence.' Vol. i. p. 227.

To these remarks she properly adds,

'Though I love the sight of the peasants, I would not be a peasant. I would have a larger stock of ideas, and a wider field of activity. I love the sight of peasants only for their accessories or by comparison. They are comparatively more secure than any other large masses of men, and the scenes in the midst of which they are placed are delightful to sense. But I would not sacrifice in prone oblivion the best characteristics of my nature. I put in my claim for refinements and luxuries; but they are the refinements and purifying of intellect, and the luxuries of uncostly, simple taste. I would incite the whole world, if I knew how to do it, to put in a similar claim. I would improve my mind; I would enlarge my understanding; I would contribute to the instruction of all connected with me, and to the mass of human knowledge. The pleasures I would pursue and disseminate, though not dependent on a large property, are such as could not be understood by the rustic and the savage.—Our son, bred in these fields indeed, will probably never become a *preux chevalier*, or figure in the roll of military heroes. But he may become something happier and better. He may improve his mind, and cultivate his taste. He may be the counsellor and protector of his sisters. He may be the ornament of the district in which he resides. He may institute in his adoptive country new defences for liberty, new systems of public benefit, and new improvements of life. There is no character more truly admirable than the patriot yeoman, who unites with the utmost simplicity of garb and manners an understanding fraught with information and sentiment, and a heart burning with the love of mankind. Such were Fabricius and Regulus among the ancients, and such was Tell, the founder of the Helvetic liberty.' For my part, I am inclined to be thankful, that this unexpected reverse in our circumstances has made me acquainted with new pleasures, and opened to my mind an invaluable lesson. If you could

but be prevailed on to enter into our pleaſures, to diſmiſs idle reproaches and pernicious propenſities, our happineſs would then be complete.' Vol. i. P. 228.

A furious ſtorm having diffuſed calamity over the canton in which the ſtrangers reſided, and the jealouſy of the government having ordered their ſpeedy departure, they retired to Conſtance, where they were in danger of periſhing by famine. Brooding over the misfortunes of 'a family, intereſting, amiable, and virtuous, reduced to the loweſt ſtate of humiliation and diſtreſs,' St. Leon exclaims,

'They are moments like theſe, that harden the human heart, and fill us with inextinguiſhable hatred and contempt for our ſpecies. They tear off the trappings and decorations of poliſhed ſociety, and ſhow it in all its hideouſneſs. The wanton eye of pampered pride pleaſes itſelf with the ſpectacle of cities and palaces, the ſtately column and the ſwelling arch. It obſerves at hand the buſy ſcene, where all are occupied in the various purſuits of pleaſure or induſtry, and admires the concert, the wide-ſpreading confederacy, by means of which each after his mode is unconſciouſly promoting the objects of others. Cheated by the outſide of things, we denominate this a vaſt combination for general benefit. The poor and the famiſhed man contemplates the ſcene with other thoughts. Unbribed to admire and applaud, he ſees in it a confederacy of hoſtility and general oppreſſion. He ſees every man purſuing his ſelfiſh ends, regardleſs of the wants of others. He ſees himſelf contemptuouſly driven from the circle, where the reſt of his fellow-citizens are buſily and profitably engaged. He lives in the midſt of a crowd, without one friend to intereſt himſelf in his welfare. He lives in the midſt of plenty, from the participation of which he is driven by brutal menaces and violence. No man who has not been placed in his ſituation can imagine the ſenſations with which, overwhelmed as he is with domeſtic ruin and deſpair, he beholds the riot, the prodigality, the idiot oſtentation, the ſenſeleſs expence, with which he is ſurrounded on every ſide.' Vol. i. P. 318.

This picture is certainly overcharged, and tinged with the colours of miſanthropy.

Having ventured to return to the territory from which he had been baniſhed, St. Leon procured a ſmall ſum by the ſale of his remaining property, and then fixed his reſidence on the banks of the lake of Conſtance. The more important part of his hiſtory at length opens to our view. A ſtranger preſented himſelf, and, after various conferences, prevailed upon St. Leon to enter into an extraordinary agreement. Having declared himſelf to be in poſſeſſion of wonderful ſecrets, he engaged to impart them, on condition that no other perſon ſhould be gratified with the communication. The ſecrets were thoſe which we mentioned in our introductory obſervations. Having

found himſelf unhappy in the uſe of them, the unknown adventurer courted death as a refuge from woe; and, having diſcloſed the two *arcana*, expired.

Great was the joy which St. Leon felt at his new and ſurpriſing acquiſitions. He thus ſpeaks of his feelings on the great occaſion:

"Happy, happy, happy man!" exclaimed I in the midſt of my wanderings and reveries. "Wealth! thy power is unbounded and inconceivable. All men bow down to thee; the moſt ſtubborn will is by thee rendered pliant as wax; all obſtacles are melted down and diſſolved by the ardour of thy beams! The man that poſſeſſes thee finds every path level before him, and every creature burning to anticipate his wiſhes! But, if theſe are the advantages that wealth imparts to ſuch as poſſeſs only thoſe ſcanty portions which ſtates and nations allow to the richeſt, how enviable muſt his condition be, whoſe wealth is literally exhauſtleſs and infinite! He poſſeſſes really the bleſſing, which prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition have lyingly pronounced upon the charitable. He may give away the revenues of princes, and not be the poorer. He poſſeſſes the attribute which we are accuſtomed to aſcribe to the Creator of the univerſe. He may ſay to a man, Be rich, and he is rich. He can beſtow with equal facility the ſmalleſt gifts and the greateſt. Palaces, as if they were the native exhalations of the ſoil, riſe out of the earth at his bidding. He holds the fate of nations and of the world in his hand. He can remove foreſts, and level mountains, drain marſhes, extend canals, turn the courſe of rivers, and ſhut up the ſea with doors. He can aſſign to every individual in a nation the taſk he pleaſes, can improve agriculture and eſtabliſh manufactures, can found ſchools, and hoſpitals, and infirmaries, and univerſities. He can ſtudy the genius of every man, and enable every man to purſue the bent of his mind. Poets and philoſophers will be foſtered, the ſublimeſt flights of genius be produced, and the moſt admirable diſcoveries effected, under his auſpicious patronage. The whole world are his ſervants, and he, if his temper be noble and upright, will be the ſervant of the whole world. Nay, it cannot happen otherwiſe. He has as few temptations to obliquity as omnipotence itſelf. Weakneſs and want are the parents of vice. But he poſſeſſes every thing; he cannot better his ſituation; no man can come into rivalſhip or competition with him." Vol. ii. p. 104.

'From this part of the legacy of the ſtranger, my mind reverted to the other. I ſurveyed my limbs, all the joints and articulations of my frame with curioſity and aſtoniſhment. "What!" exclaimed I, "theſe limbs, this complicated, but brittle, frame ſhall laſt for ever! No diſeaſe ſhall attack it; no pain ſhall ſeize it; death ſhall with-hold from it for ever his abhorred graſp! Perpetual vigour, perpetual activity, perpetual youth, ſhall take up their

abode with me! Time ſhall generate in me no decay, ſhall not add a wrinkle to my brow, or convert a hair of my head to grey! This body was formed to die; this edifice to crumble into duſt; the principles of corruption and mortality are mixed up in every atom of my frame. But for me the laws of nature are ſuſpended; the eternal wheels of the univerſe roll backward; I am deſtined to be triumphant over fate and time!' Vol. ii. p. 107.

He at firſt reſolved to make only a moderate change in his mode of living; and he pretended that the ſtranger had enabled him, by a legacy of 3000 crowns, to provide for ſuch an alteration. His wife was ſceptical on the ſubject; and, being ſenſible of her claim to a full confidence, ſhe complained of his reſerve and unkindneſs, and declared that he had inflicted a wound upon her which no ſubſequent change in his behaviour would ever be able to cicatriſe. He endeavoured, but without effect, to allay her uneaſineſs, and recall her affection. He ſoon after amuſed himſelf with a German tour; but, during his travels, his ſon, diſguſted at the myſterious manner in which he recruited his finances, and ſuſpecting him of diſhonorable conduct, left him with a determination of never ſeeing him again. This ſeceſſion wounded him to the ſoul; and his grief was redoubled on his return, when he found Marguerite in a ſtate which foreboded that ſhe would not long live. She now concluded that he was in poſſeſſion of the philoſopher's ſtone; and, in the following terms, ſhe reproached him for his meanneſs in accepting ſuch an advantage.

'When I married you, I ſuppoſed myſelf united to a nobleman, a knight and a ſoldier, a man who would have revolted with diſdain from every thing that was poor-ſpirited and baſe. I lived with you long and happily. I ſaw faults; I ſaw imbecilities. I did not ſee them with indifference; but I endeavoured, and with a degree of ſucceſs, to forgive, and to forget them; they did not contaminate and corrupt the vitals of honour. At length you have completely reverſed the ſcene. For a ſoldier, you preſent me with a projector and a chymiſt, a cold-blooded mortal, raking in the aſhes of a crucible for a ſelfiſh and ſolitary advantage. Here is an end of all genuine dignity, and the trueſt generoſity of ſoul. You cannot be ingenuous; for all your dealings are ſecrecy and darkneſs. You cannot have a friend; for the mortal lives not that can ſympathiſe with your thoughts and emotions. A generous ſpirit, Reginald, delights to live upon equal terms with his aſſociates and fellows. He would diſdain, when offered to him, deciſive and clandeſtine advantages. Equality is the ſoul of all real and cordial ſociety. A man of rank indeed does not live upon equal terms with the whole of his ſpecies; but his heart alſo can exult; for he has his equals. How unhappy the wretch, the monſter rather

let me ſay, that is without an equal; that looks through the world, and in the world cannot find a brother; that is endowed with attributes which no living being participates with him; and that is therefore cut off for ever from all cordiality and confidence, can never unbend himſelf, but lives the ſolitary joyleſs tenant of a priſon, whoſe materials are rubies and emeralds. How unhappy this wretch; how weak and ignoble the man that voluntarily accepts theſe laws of exiſtence!' Vol. ii. p. 233.

He was afterwards apprehended and impriſoned on ſuſpicion of having murdered the ſtranger. He offered a bribe to a negro turnkey, that he might be enabled to eſcape; but the man rejected the offer. He then bribed the keeper of the priſon, and was at length ſuffered to retire with the negro, on whom the keeper intended to throw the blame. He now journeyed to the environs of Piſa, where, by the indiſcretion of his African attendant, who made mention of his alchemical operations, he was expoſed to the brutal outrages of an Italian mob. His villa was deſtroyed, and the negro murdered. Retiring into Spain, he was rendered unhappy by the death of his wife, whom, on a ſepulchral ſtone, he ſtyled 'the preſerver of her family in poverty and ruin, the victim of her diſconſolate and repentant huſband's unhallowed wealth.' In compliance with a hint from Marguerite, he reſolved to ſeparate himſelf from his three daughters, that he might not be to them 'a ſource of corroding miſery and affliction.' Having ſettled them in France in a ſtate of independence, he returned into Spain, where he was ſeiſed as a wizard, and confined in the priſon of the inquiſition. Here he remained twelve years; and a 'heavy, peſtilential, ſoul-depreſſing monotony,' then formed the hiſtory of his life. He was at length marked out as a victim of ſuperſtition, as an object of fiery torture; for his elixir, though a ſpecific againſt age and diſeaſe, could not ſecure him from the riſque of a violent death. Speaking of the horrors of an *auto de fè*, he exclaims,

'God of mercy and benevolence! is it poſſible that this ſcene ſhould be regarded as thy triumph, and the execution deſtined to follow, as a ſacrifice acceptable in thy ſight? If theſe papers of mine are ever produced to light, may it not happen that they ſhall firſt be read by a diſtant poſterity, who will refuſe to believe that their fathers were ever mad enough to ſubject each other to ſo horrible a treatment, merely becauſe they were unable to adopt each other's opinions? Oh, no! human affairs, like the waves of the ocean, are merely in a ſtate of ebb and flow: "there is nothing new under the ſun:" two centuries perhaps after Philip the Second ſhall be gathered to his anceſtors [he died in 1598], men ſhall learn over again to perſecute each other for conſcience ſake; other anabaptiſts or levellers ſhall furniſh pretexts for new perſecutions;

other inquisitors shall arise in the most enlightened tracts of Europe; and professors from their chair, sheltering their intolerance under the great names of Aristotle and Cicero, shall instruct their scholars, that a heterodox doctrine is the worst of crimes, and that the philanthropy and purity of heart in which it is maintained, only render its defenders the more worthy to be extirpated.' Vol. iii. p. 246.

In a sudden confusion which arose among the crowd, he took an opportunity of escaping; and he afterwards, in the disguise of an Armenian, went to France to visit his daughters. He found that one of them had fallen a victim to love, in consequence of the death of a suitor, whose father had prevented him from espousing the young lady, on account of the supposed dishonor of such an union, as St. Leon was a fugitive, and as some mysterious circumstances attended the present maintenance of the daughters. To the survivors he did not make himself known, but pretended that he was the executor of the last will of their father, who had died in the East. He remained near them, he says, 'long enough to see them consoled, and himself forgotten.'—'Self-importance of man,' he feelingly adds, 'upon how slight a basis do thy gigantic erections repose!'

Our adventurer at length resolved to exert himself on a grand scale. He made his appearance in Hungary, then the theatre of war, and endeavoured, by a liberal use of his wealth, to re-establish industry, and restore comfort to the inhabitants. Speaking of the effect of his philanthropic exertions, and of the applause which the relieved community bestowed upon him, he says,

'Here it may be thought I had ascended to that sphere which it was fit the possessor of the philosopher's stone should fill, and reap the rewards to which a man thus endowed ought to be forward to entitle himself. Nor will I affirm that I was insensible to the gratifications of my present situation. Though I sought to escape from the applause that pursued me, yet there is something in the nature of the human mind that makes it impossible for us to hear it without complacence. It was not however a boisterous and obtrusive acclamation that satisfied me. A certain inwrought modesty of nature made me listen to noisy commendations with a sentiment of shame. They seemed to be more than any thing I had done could deserve; or they seemed to be in a tone from which the delicacy of a virtuous mind shrinks back displeased. They were so obstreperous as to take from me the power of hearing the sweeter verdict of my own conscience. No; it was the unbidden tear that glistened in the eye of my beneficiaries; the tongue that faltered beneath the essays of gratitude; the overwhelmed heart that had no power to express itself; the hand of the parent that was stretched out to his children, and dumbly said, "These, these shall thank

you!"—It was these things that I felt within as the balsam of my life, and the ambrosia of heaven.' Vol. iv. p. 63.

He was not, however, happy in this situation. He felt himself destitute of the joys of confidential equality.

'Regaled with this animated praise, I was not content; I wanted a friend. I was alone amidst the innumerable multitudes of those I had blessed. I knew no cordiality; I could repose no confidence; I could find no equal. I was like a God, who dispenses his bounties profusely through twenty climates, but who at the same time sits separate, elevated and alone, in the highest heaven. The reader may, if he pleases, despise me for the confession; but I felt that I was not formed for the happiness of a God. Vol. iv. p. 66.

Though he was at one time styled 'the saviour of Hungary,' he was, when he husbanded his resources, reviled as a monopolist, and loaded with obloquy. He now courted, by bribes, the protection of the pacha of Buda, and solicited the friendship of Bethlem Gabor, the bold leader of a gallant band, whom he represents as a determined misanthrope. By this extraordinary man he was treated with ingratitude, and closely imprisoned. Escaping from his subterranean place of confinement, he met with Charles his son, who was then an officer in the Austrian service. He was gratified with a favorable reception from the young warrior, and became his companion and friend. As his son was attached to a lady who was destitute of fortune, he formed the scheme of providing her with a dowry, which, he pretended, was the bequest of one of her relatives. But, by appearing to be too familiar with this lady, he gave great disgust to her lover; and, when Charles found that he was the person who had promoted the Turkish cause in Hungary, and that he was a dealer in the black art, a challenge ensued, which St. Leon professed to accept, but which he did not answer. He hastily retired from the scene; and Charles was united to the object of his choice.

Thus ends the remarkable tale of St. Leon. We relinquish the perusal of the work with sensations of melancholy, on reflecting that a person who is represented as master of the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitæ*, should render himself more unhappy, amidst the use of those splendid advantages, than he would have been without them. Such a view of the subject, however, may not be useless, as it may serve to repress the idle desire of those visionary blessings.

We are pleased with the character of Marguerite, who is described as an amiable and prudent matron, and a woman of sense and judgement. An interesting picture is also given of her family; and the domestic scenes are well sketched. The acceleration of her death by grief for the loss of her husband's confidence, certainly heightens the effect of the tale;

and the separation and estrangement of the son from the father, are subservient to a similar purpose: but the story, we think, might have been rendered equally interesting without such a poignant aggravation of the distress of St. Leon. The character of Bethlem Gabor is drawn with a bold pencil; but we are sorry to observe a violation of history and chronology in the account of his death, and of various circumstances connected with his life. Even in a novel, attention ought to be paid to these points, when historical characters are introduced. The reflexions interspersed are frequently just, and sometimes new: the style, though not always correct, is spirited; and the composition is, in general, worthy of praise.

An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, from the Beginning of the Thirteenth Century down to the present Time; together with a Conversation on Scotish Song, by Alexander Campbell, Author of Odes and Miscellaneous Poems, &c. To which are subjoined, Sangs of the Lowlands of Scotland, carefully compared with the Original Editions, and embellished with characteristic Designs, composed and engraved by the late David Allan, Historical Painter. 4to. 2l. 2s. Boards. Ridgeway. 1799.

IN this expensive publication we expected to have found an elaborate history of Scotish poetry; and great was our surprise on finding two quarto volumes filled with trivial Scotish songs, and a rambling introduction; for the whole of the first volume is in truth no other, carelessly drawn up, and clothed in such a mean ungrammatical style, as would disgrace a provincial newspaper. The author's ideas and prejudices evince an education which may be pronounced to be almost a century behind the present standard of intelligence. Hence the first article of the work is a pretty dialogue between Lycidas and Alexis, alike antiquated and effete in its manner and its sentiments. Though the family of Campbell originally passed from the lowlands of Scotland to the highlands, yet our author shows a violent predilection for the latter region. Thus he affirms, that 'the lowland melodies are evidently derived from the highlands;' a position to which no antiquary will assent; for the observations of Burney, Hawkins, Gregory, and other ingenious writers upon the subject, would in this case be equally applicable to the Irish and Welch musical scale, instead of being confined to the lowland ditties. Our author is, we believe, a musician; and it would have been well for his reputation if he had confined his remarks to his professional department, instead of intruding with his large stock of prejudices, and small stock of learning, into the great mart of lite-

rary criticism. But, to exhibit him in the most favourable position, we will transcribe his account of highland airs.

'These may be classed in the order following.

'CLASS I. Gay, lively, animating.

'CLASS II. Tender, soothing, plaintive, pathetic.

'To the first class, belong the luinigs, iorrums, songs of humour, satyrical, descriptive, and such as rouse to heroic deeds, &c.

'To the second belong love-songs, songs of praise, laments, and elegiac descriptions, &c. to one or other of these classes may be referred the melodies that are usually chanted in reciting the poetry of the highlands—the reels, strathspeys, and bag-pipe music, may also be referred to the above arrangement, as they all express, less or more, sentiment and passion in their characteristic constructions.

'The reel seems prevalent in the braes of Athol, and over the west part of Perthshire, and is pretty universal through Argyleshire. The strathspey seems peculiar to the great tract of country through which the river Spey runs. Through the north highlands, and western isles, a species of melody, partaking somewhat of the reel, and strathspey, seems more relished by the natives, to which they dance, in a manner peculiar to these parts of the Hebrides. The Athol reel is lively, and animating in a high degree. The strathspey is much slower, better accented, and more expressive in its cadence. The movements to the former are spirited, yet less graceful; while the peculiar cast of the strathspey, which generally possesses a more varied melody, besides accent and expression, is full of sentiment and passion. Any one the least acquainted with the border melodies, must perceive the character to differ materially from those of other more remote parts, particularly the highlands. "Go to Berwick Johnny," "We'll a' awa' to bonny Tweedside," "Souters o' Selkirk," Maggie Lauder," "Logan water," "Lauder haughs and Yarrow," Flowers o' the Forest," and many others, are evidently of a different cast to the highland-reels, strathspeys, iorrums, luinigs, &c. as also for the most part such melodies as are either played or sung this side of the Grampians. In traversing the wilds that bound Cumberland and Roxburghshire, through great part of which runs the rivers Tiviot and Tweed, a striking contrast of manners is observable among the inhabitants, from those situated nearer to where these rivers deliver themselves to the sea at Berwick. The former still preserve much of their original hospitality and energy of character. Their songs are sung with violent gesture and vehemence;—while the latter, inhabiting a country, by nature fertile, and cultivated to the highest point of human industry, are mild and courteous. They sing their melodies to words expressive of their innocent emotions and rural occupations, with an artless simplicity peculiarly their own. A similar provincial difference in point of song is to be observed through almost every district in Scotland.' Vol. i. p. 20.

After this we find a defence of the authenticity of Oſſian, ſo injudiciouſly compoſed, both in matter and ſtyle, that the believers in that poet will perhaps regard Mr. Campbell as the weakeſt friend—in other words, the moſt dangerous enemy—that their cauſe could have excited. For example, he gives the beginning of the poem of Fingal, as originally printed by Macpherſon, and as afterwards altered and improved by him. He then ſubjoins theſe ſagacious obſervations.

'By comparing the firſt ſketch with this extract given from book I. of Fingal, you will perceive at once how much M'Pherſon varied and improved the verſion; and a better proof cannot be given of his working faithfully after the original, nor can any thing demonſtrate more clearly the ſtrong deſire he had of even excelling it; this appears manifeſt in every edition which he ſuperintended himſelf. I muſt not omit mentioning the manner in which I have been ſurpriſed, by M'Pherſon, not unfrequently, in his tranſlation, ſurpaſſing ſuch original paſſages as I have ſeen written, printed, or recited. I am not ſingular in this obſervation; I have converſed with ſeveral that have acknowledged the ſame thing. It may be aſked, does not this very acknowledgement throw a doubt on the Gaelic being the original?' Vol. i. P. 43.

Every reader, endued with common ſenſe, will inſtantly perceive that the reverſe of Mr. Campbell's poſition is the truth, as the variations and additions ſufficiently declare either that Macpherſon had no prototype, or that he uſed that prototype in ſuch a manner as totally to deſtroy its authenticity? But, as we underſtand that a learned gentleman in Scotland is preparing to publiſh a complete examination of the poems aſcribed to Oſſian, we leave the topic to his able pen.

We read the firſt volume with attention, though with conſtant diſguſt ariſing from the author's dullneſs, acrimony, and want of taſte. Trivial extracts, and trivial information, have ſwelled to three hundred and ſeventy pages what might have been compriſed in thirty. The compilations from the ancient poets, in which ſome of the meaneſt paſſages are ſelected as beauties, and the meagre liſts and unintereſting anecdotes of the modern authors, conſtitute one of the feebleſt volumes that ever were wire-ſpun to the ſize of a quarto. We had arrived at p. 362 before any thing ſtruck us as ſufficiently new to deſerve quotation. In that part of the volume we found the following note, concerning the old Scotiſh comedy of Philotas.

'There is ſome reaſon to believe that Robert Semple may be conſidered as the author of this drama. He was the contemporary of Buchanan. Several of this name appear as poets, viz. ſir James Semple, of Belltrees, ambaſſador from the Scotiſh court to queen Elizabeth, 1599. He wrote "the Packman and the Prieſt, a ſatyre."

His ſon, Robert Semple, wrote "The Epitaph on Habbie Simſon, the Piper of Kilbarchan," firſt printed in Watſon's collection, 1707. Francis Semple, the ſon of Robert, wrote "The Baniſhment of Poverty," and "She raiſe and loot me in," and other pieces. A Mrs. Campbell, the daughter of Robert, who is ſtill alive, and lives in Paiſley, is in poſſeſſion of ſeveral poetical manuſcripts, the compoſition of Francis, among which "She raiſe and loot me in," appears.' Vol. i. p. 362.

We ſhall content ourſelves with adding a few miſcellaneous ſpecimens of Mr. Campbell's errors, want of taſte, and lameneſs of compoſition.

'In a collection of poems, publiſhed at Edinburgh in the year 1789, by James Watſon, a printer of no ſmall profeſſional reputation, is to be found "Fy let us a' to the bridal;" and this is the firſt of "the ſangs of the lowlands" to be met with in print.' We ſhall paſs the date, which may be a typographical error for 1709; but we muſt intimate to our author that he has ſhown a groſs ignorance of his ſubject, as at leaſt fifty lowland ſongs may be traced in print, even from the year 1508, down to thoſe in the Pepyſian collection, before Watſon's miſcellany appeared. Even in Forbes's collection alone, of which the third edition was printed at Aberdeen in 1682, there are at leaſt twenty Scotiſh ſongs with the muſic. The remark is the more ſurpriſing as the author boaſts that he has three copies of that book, and reproves a preceding writer for a ſuppoſed miſtake, becauſe, not having the book before him (as we have), he did not fully expreſs the title; but that writer's knowledge of books which he had not ſeen would hence appear to be ſuperior to Mr. Campbell's acquaintance with the very books which he poſſeſſes.

When Mr. Campbell informs us that the Orpheus Caledonius was publiſhed by W. Thomſon in the year 1725, 'and dedicated to the princeſs of Wales (afterwards queen Anne)' we are loſt in admiration of his wonderful knowledge of the hiſtory of his country.

As a ſpecimen of the real and unalloyed *unintelligible*, we ſelect the following ſentence.

'Lord Hailes, in 1770, publiſhed "Ancient Scotiſh Poems from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568," in which are a number of ſongs, or rather a collection of pieces in Scotiſh verſe, among which are to be found a few ſongs, whoſe airs were in parts, ſuch as are preſerved in I. S. Smith's collection of ſongs, compoſed about the year 1500, for example the muſic of "About the banks of Helicon," being the air' (if it may be called an air, for it is a mere drawl), directed to be ſung to the "Cherry and the Slae," which Mr. Tytler ſuppoſes a well known tune two hundred years ago as it was ſung to ſuch popular words; but is now loſt.'

Such is our author's general manner, in which there is a constant struggle between the confusion of the sense, and the confusion of the grammar, so that the reader has seldom any clearer perception of the subject than if he were lost in an intellectual fog. In plain English the song of the 'Cherry and the Slae' was composed to the tune of the Banks of Helicon, the words of which are published from the Maitland collection. Mr. Campbell, we suppose, meaned to say that the music exists in the collection mentioned by him.

We will offer another specimen of our author's grammatical elocution.

'The laudable exertions made by those who have so generously stept forward in behalf of the widow and orphan family of Burns, hath, I understand, been crowned with success. It is hoped, the task of preparing for the press the edition of his former, and posthumous works, to be published for the benefit of his family, by gentlemen no less conspicuous for genius and talents, than probity and honour, will doubtless meet that countenance, and support so arduous an undertaking merits; so that a comfortable provision may be made for the widow and the fatherless.' Vol. i. p. 81.

In enumerating the poetical productions of Drummond, he gives the following specimen of his taste.

'His "madrigals and epigrams" are pretty enough conceits, and rise above mediocrity—a specimen may be necessary to shew the truth of this remark.

'How comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even kisses me affords
Of her (dear her) so far who's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ay me! before half day
Why did'st thou steal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

'When first the cannon from her gaping throat
Against the heaven her roaring sulphure shot,
Jove wak'ned with the noise did ask with wonder,
What mortal wight had stol'n from him his thunder;
His christal tow'rs he feared, but fire and air
So high did stay the ball from mounting there.' Vol. i. p. 87.

It would be very difficult to find in Drummond's elegant but unequal pages two pieces inferior to the above. They remind us of Mr. Heron's extracts from the ancient Scotish poets, mentioned in a recent number of our Journal; and both writers seem to be highly pleased with the *bathos*. As such

authors are enchanted with the meagre and the feeble, it may be inferred that they will loudly condemn the elegant and the grand; whence their censure may be understood to convey superlative praise.

Mr. Campbell's account of Fergusson has been controverted and indeed confuted in a late pamphlet by Mr. Irving, from which it appears that our author's memory is so deceitful as to be lost or distorted in passing from one door to another.

In p. 295, the writer argues, that, because a man was invited to keep a fencing-school in Virginia, the knowledge of the Americans in military affairs was at a low ebb. Can any schoolboy be ignorant that the art of fencing has a very slight connexion with modern tactics? On this occasion, as on many others, our author shows himself rather inclined to jacobinical principles. If an author write well, we shall not allow our judgement to be biassed by the consideration of his principles, whether jacobinical or jesuitical, or, what we more approve, neither one nor the other; but when we find Mr. Campbell's book swelled with Dodsley's chronicle of the English kings, and other extraneous matter, we must blame his principles as forming a portion of his insipidity.

With similar ignorance our author mentions 'a curious original letter, preserved in a MS. of the Royal Society, in the British Museum, and now inserted in Pinkerton's Appendix to his History of the Stuarts.' The library of the Royal Society has not the slightest connexion with the British Museum. In the next page four poems by Robert Semple are classed among the dramatic pieces; but they are merely long ballads.

We now revert to two passages in the book, of opposite tendency, the one asserting falsehood, and the other vindicating truth.

Macdonald's 'Probationary Odes for the Laureatship' possess a strain of excellent humour and poignant satire. 'Number VII. by the right hon. Henry Dundas is in the Scotish dialect, to which is subjoined a translation, by John Pinkerton, esq. It begins thus,

'The pawky loon Tam Warton's gane,
And on his wymb they 've laid a stane,
Ance mair, &c.

See pp. 91, 92, Macdonald's Misc. Works.'

Surely our author knew that the gentleman mentioned had not the smallest concern with the poem in question, his name being only used in irony. But his zeal for Ossian hurries him into strange invectives against that oppugnator, who in one passage is accused of inserting some indifferent portraits in the *Iconographia Scotica*, though the sole blame rests with the publisher; and, in another passage, of not being able to read a

manuſcript, which he never ſaw; the copy being taken in Scotland under the inſpection of the earl of Buchan, and remitted to the editor in London. It is ſurpriſing that our author ſhould lay himſelf open to ſuch a charge of falſification.

From the Romiſh legends we find that Satan is ſometimes conſtrained to praiſe the ſaints; and we inſert with pleaſure the following vindication of a worthy patriot and reſpectable man.

'It is not eaſy to conjecture, what motive could have induced the ingenious author of the life of our learned grammarian Ruddiman, to ſuffer the following paſſage to eſcape into the world, without ſo much as the ſlighteſt mention on what authority he has ventured to commit himſelf in this manner. In ſpeaking of that intereſting part of lord Gardenſtone's miſcellanies, which is entitled "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan," our author ſays, "It was one Callender, who has ſince been outlawed for ſeditious practices, that wrote the memoirs of Buchanan, as the vehicle of his attack on Ruddiman. It was lord Gardenſtone, who publiſhed theſe memoirs in his book of miſcellanies. Callender, then, filled the morter with thoſe detractions which were to blaſt the fame of Ruddiman, and Gardenſtone ſet the match to the murderous artillery." To let the above paſs, unchallenged, were a ſtain on the faireſt character the Scotiſh college of juſtice had lately to boaſt, in the perſon of lord Gardenſtone. I have made diligent ſearch, and the ſtricteſt enquiry, in order to aſcertain what ſhare Callender had in the miſcellanies in queſtion; and the reſult is as follows. Thomſon Callender was a meſſenger at arms (which in Scotland anſwers to a bailiff in England). Lord Gardenſtone was in the habit of employing him as his amanuenſis. But that he is the author of the article entitled, "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan," is altogether an abſurd falſehood. For an obvious reaſon I ſhall reſt this aſſertion on the internal evidence alone, of the authenticity of the article alluded to. Let any judicious and candid reader compare the ſtyle and ſubject matter throughout the miſcellanies of lord Gardenſtone; and let him pronounce, if he ſees not an uniformity in all reſpects, that ſtamps them the production of one author, and that author none other than he whoſe name is prefixed to the miſcellanies in queſtion.' Vol. i. p. 332.

The ſecond volume contains a collection of common Scotch ballads, without the muſic; and it is ornamented with a few ſketches, deſigned and engraven by the late David Allan, in which we do not ſee a merit equal to that of many of our magazine prints. They are ſometimes characteriſtic, but they are always bald and flat, without what the engravers call colour, and without effect.

As few of our readers would be inclined to pay two guineas for a few Scotiſh ſongs, incorrectly printed, we looked over

the volume to select some songs not to be found in the common collections. If we except the effusions of Mr. Campbell himself, which are not very attractive, the following three are the only ones which we do not remember to have seen before.

'I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

'I am my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it make me irie, sir.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

' Hallow-mass is come and gane,
The nichts are lang in winter, sir:
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, twa'd be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

' Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.' Vol. ii. P. 96.

'CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWS.

' Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

' As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

' Will ye gang down the water-side
And see the waves sae sweetly glide

Beneath the hazels ſpreading wide,
The moon it ſhines fu' clearly.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

'I was bred up at nae ſic ſchool,
My ſhepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to ſit in dool,
And nae body to ſee me.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.'

'Ye ſall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather ſhoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and ſleep,
And ye ſall be my dearie,
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

'If ye'll but ſtand to what ye've ſaid,
I'se gang wi' you, my ſhepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I ſall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

'While waters wimple to the ſea;
While day blinks in the lift ſae hie;
Till clay-cauld death ſall blin' my e'e,
Ye ſall be my dearie,
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie,' Vol. ii. p. 107.

'THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

'The winter it is paſt, and the ſimmers come at laſt,
And the ſma' birds ſing on every tree;
The hearts of theſe are glad, but mine is very ſad,
For my luver has parted from me.

'The rose upo' the brier, by the waters rinnin clear,
May hae charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little luves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my luver is parted frae me.

'My luve is like the sun, in the firmament does run,
For ever constant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

'All you that are in luve, and cannot it remuve,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full o' woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.' Vol. ii. p. 126.

We cannot dismiss this work without observing that the self-importance of its aspect, and insignificance of its contents, form a striking and ludicrous contrast.

Bahar-Danush; or, Garden of Knowledge. An Oriental Romance. Translated from the Persic of Einaiut Oollah. By Jonathan Scott, of the East-India Company's Service, Persian Secretary to the late Governor-General of Bengal, Warren Hastings, Esq. and Translator of Ferishta's History of Dekkan, and of the Reigns of the later Emperors of Hindoostan. In 3 Vols. 8vo. 15s. Boards. Cadell *and* Davies. 1799.

"IF learning in general (says sir William Jones*) has met with so little encouragement, still less can be expected for that branch of it, which lies so far removed from the common path, and which the greater part of mankind have hitherto considered as incapable of yielding either entertainment or instruction; if pains and want be the lot of a scholar, the life of an orientalist must certainly be attended with peculiar hardships."—We learn from sir William, that Gentius, the celebrated writer and translator of the 'Bed of Roses,' a beautiful Persian work by Sadi, lived in obscurity, and died in misery. The extensive projects of our learned countryman, Hyde, were never realised; for they had not the support and assistance which they deserved and required. The labours of Meninski *immortalised* and *ruined* him: he completed his great dictionary, a stupendous monument of erudition and perseverance, 'the most laborious compilation (says sir William) that ever was undertaken by any single man,' at the expense of his private patrimony.—The learned Ockley expired in prison.

* Pers. Gram. Preface, p. vii.

Theſe are the dark ſhades of the picture; let us place it in another light. We are informed that M. d'Herbelot received the moſt ſplendid reward of his induſtry. On the invitation of Ferdinand II. duke of Tuſcany, he ſettled in Italy, and was one among the many who ſhared the munificent bounty and patronage of the illuſtrious family of Medici. What is ſtill more uncommon in the hiſtory of an orientaliſt, his merits were acknowledged in *his own* country: he was recalled to Paris by the celebrated Colbert, and enabled to retire in the evening of his life with affluence and dignity.—' But this (ſays ſir William Jones) is a *rare* example.'—We will venture to add, ' it is a *ſolitary* one;' for, though ſir William himſelf moſt honourably acquired both riches and reputation, yet, had he not been a lawyer, *Fame* would, moſt probably, have been his ſole reward as an Orientaliſt.

Surely there muſt be ſome ſecret charm in eaſtern literature which induces its faſcinated votaries to purſue it through the moſt difficult and uncertain paths, while they forſake or deſpiſe the beaten roads that lead to riches! If there were not ſome ſuch attraction, why ſhould they perſevere in the cultivation of an ungrateful ſoil, with the example of ſo many unrewarded labourers in the ſame vineyard?—To the influence, however, of this ſecret charm, we are indebted for ſo many important and entertaining works—the civil and natural hiſtory of the eaſtern world—the inſtitutes of ancient brahmins and of modern Hindoos—the laws of Zoroaſter and his fire-worſhipping diſciples—the regulations of Tartarian and Indian emperors—the annals of Saracenic hiſtory, and the records of Mohammedan conqueſt—the ſententious narratives of the Arabian Hariri, and the glowing poetry of the Perſian Hafiz and Sadi.—All theſe have been offered to our peruſal in the languages of Europe, by various writers, who have either died in obſcurity, or live neglected, or inadequately recompenſed for their labours. To one orientaliſt of this deſcription, to his friend major Ouſeley, the preſent work is dedicated by captain Scott, who, in the concluſion of his preface, thus notices with due reſpect the learned productions of another writer. ' What has been done,' ſays he, ' for Mr. MAURICE, who has concentrated in his publications much that is ſerviceable to religion from oriental ſtudies? What has been done for major OUSELEY, who, to a perfect acquaintance with claſſical literature, unites *,' &c. Captain Scott anſwers his own queſtion in capital letters thus—NOTHING †!

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* Preface, p. xv.

† We are happy to learn that Mr. Maurice has lately been appointed to a genteel ſituation, ſuitable from its nature to his ſtudious character, but with reſpect to income not adequate to his merits.

With all these discouraging examples before him, captain Scott has, nevertheless, resolved to try whether the light and amusing fictions of eastern romance may not find a more general welcome than the grave details of historic facts. Of his abilities as an orientalist, we entertain not any doubt: we are confident that he could with equal facility transfuse into our idiom the substance of the most important chronicle and of the most familiar tale. He declares * his own predilection in favour of historical subjects, and only followed the advice of his bookseller and friends in undertaking the translation of a romance. Of his *Ferishta*, the merits and the importance are universally acknowledged; yet so slow has been the sale, that he must please himself with hoping that, in the course of years, his History of Dekkan will become *a library-book*; but not perhaps until the translator, like the original author, shall be equally insensible of praise, and careless of profit. With such considerations we cannot wonder that captain Scott should have employed his time on works which promise something more than remote emolument and posthumous fame—and, to use his own words †, 'until the honourable India Company, or the universities, shall extend their patronage of eastern literature to at least the gratuitous printing of its translation, we must not be surprised at Persian and Arabian tales from orientalists, who in general cannot afford to wait the slow return of a *library-book*.'

The volumes before us contain a literal translation of a Persian work, part of which has been paraphrased or imitated by colonel Dow, and well known as the 'Tales of Inatulla.' In this *summary*, as captain Scott styles it, the preface of the original author was altogether omitted—injudiciously so, as appears from an observation of sir William Jones, who says that the prefatory introductions to Persian works generally contain the richest stores of language, and exhibit the utmost eloquence of the writers. Einaiut Oollah, or Inatulla, thus prefaces his Garden of Knowledge.

'In the Name of God, the Clement, the Merciful.

'The fittest introduction to the most pure volume of creation, and most becoming ornament of the pages of knowledge and learning, is the praise of the Lord, the bestower of wisdom, creator of speech, and revealer of the properties of invention and production; who, in his wonderful volumes and original performances, has given ample testimony of his omnipotence—from the moon down to the fish—and, from the atom up to the sun, has proclaimed the declaration of his own divine unity of person, and supreme self-existence. The speech of the blessed, inwardly-wakeful, from the light

* Pref. p. xiii. † Pref. p. xiv.

of his properties is ever brilliantly eloquent; and the hearts of the virtuous, like purity itself, from the splendid rays of the comprehension of his qualities, are objects of envy to the dazzling beams of the sun and moon.

'O munificent bestower of ornament on the diversified assemblage of creation! Such differing appearances and variegated designs—except the pen of thy omnipotence—what could delineate on the pages of appearance? Excepting thy consummate skill, what could display, in this many-coloured scenery, such variety of differing forms and contrasted manners?

'VERSE.

'Thou makest of dust a beautiful body:
And thou canst reduce it again to dust.
Thou producest from the heart of the rock
Ruby-coloured sparks, and the spark-flashing ruby.
From thy skill arose matter and being;
Under thy controul are time and space.' P. xiii.

As the pleasure of reading a romance would be considerably diminished by the anticipation of its story, we shall content ourselves with mentioning (for the titles of eastern books seldom declare their subject) that in these volumes are related the adventures of Jehaundar Sultan and the lovely Bherawir Banou—a thousand marvellous and romantic incidents, not without much love-intrigue, cunning devices, heroic achievements, &c.—in the most florid style of eastern composition. The most obscure passages are illustrated by a variety of excellent notes, added by the ingenious translator. From one of these we will quote a passage which may suggest an useful hint to some future traveller.

'It is to be lamented that none of our travellers have given the native names for the fruits, flowers, trees, and plants of Persia. A list of them would greatly add to the pleasure of reading Persian authors, and to the elucidation of their flowery metaphors: without it, they must ever remain obscure to the European reader. I find myself obliged, from incapacity, to leave most of the botanical terms untranslated, rather than deceive the reader.' Vol. i. p. 12.

In p. 84, vol. i. we find the following note.

'The Mahummedans believe that the decreed events of every man's life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye. Hence they use the word Nusseeb, *Anglicè* stamped, for destiny. Most probably, the idea was taken up by Mahummud from the sealing of the elect, mentioned in the Revelations.'

After a very turgid, obscure, and almost unintelligible description of love (vol. i. p. 164) captain Scott says,

'I doubt not but the above rhapſody has appeared nonſenſe. In ſuch ſtyle, however, the orientals deſcribe love, both divine and human, and the European reader is often confounded amid a cloud of metaphors, the beauty of which his mind cannot poſſibly taſte, or comprehend the meaning of. We have, however, as abſurd flights of language in the devotional ravings of ſome enthuſiaſtic Moravians and other fanatics. Hafiz, Saadi, Jami, and all the Perſian poets, abound too much in myſtic and unintelligible rhapſody, the contemplation of which has driven many an holy dirveſhe mad. My author, Einaiut Oolla, I fear, will be found too obſcurely figurative in many paſſages.'

With regard to a paſſage (vol. i. p. 193) which deſcribes a woman 'daily putting her head out of her windows, and walking much on her terrace,' the tranſlator obſerves,

'The houſes in Aſia have flat roofs terraced, ſurrounded by parapet walls ſomewhat higher than the human ſtature, on which the inhabitants ſit to enjoy the air, and often ſleep at night. When women go upon theſe terraces, their coming is announced by a loud cry from a domeſtic, requeſting the male inhabitants of loftier houſes to keep within doors, which is generally done. In the deſcription of a good woman by Perſian authors, however, ſeldom frequenting the terraces, and not ſitting near a window, are reckoned among the virtues; which ſhews that aſſignations are ſometimes made from them, in ſpite of walls and lattices.'

From the ſecond volume we will extract the following note, which occurs in p. 16.

'There is nothing more inexplicable to a tranſlator of Perſic, than oriental fruits, trees, plants, and flowers, and the metaphors in which they are involved. The nergus, nuſſereen, and nuſterrun, ſeem to be ſynonymous: yet they are ſometimes differently compared. The nergus, which Meninſki and Richardſon tranſlate narciſſus, in metaphor, is ſaid to be all eyes; and the ſoſun, which they give as lily, all tongue. Till ſuch time as ſome oriental traveller ſhall give us exact drawings and the native names of natural productions, Europeans cannot poſſibly taſte the full beauty of oriental figures. In India, where I ſtudied, it was in vain to aſk explanation, as the tutor was as great a ſtranger to the gardens and groves of Perſia as myſelf, though imagination of its juſtneſs made him glow with rapture at what he could not comprehend.'

That we are indebted to the Eaſt for the origin of many popular ſtories and vulgar notions, is generally acknowledged. A tale which concludes in page 68, vol. ii. reminds us of Pope's January and May, and a ſtory of La Fontaine. Captain Scott remarks (in p. 72), that the Aſiatics think it poſſible by prayer and abſtinence to obtain ſuch a power over

genii or ſpirits, as to confine them in a phial—like the Spaniſh *Devil upon two Sticks*, who certainly was of Aſiatic origin.

The quotation of all the intereſting notes in this work would extend our account of it beyond all reaſonable bounds: but the following paſſage (from p. 77, vol. ii.) is ſo curious, that we ſhall give it in captain Scott's words.

'The belief of poſſeſſion by evil ſpirits ſtill prevails in India. I once ſaw a perſon ſaid to be poſſeſſed; and it may not be unamuſing to the reader to know the circumſtances.

'One afternoon I was awakened from my nap by a loud cry of "Bhoot hi! Bhoot hi!" (the evil ſpirit is here) from all my ſervants. I left my room, and ſaw outſide the court the ſweeper, a female, tearing her hair, her eyes rolling, foaming at the mouth, and running wildly about, exclaiming, "I will deſtroy you all!" I ſuppoſed her to be in a convulſion fit, or ſuddenly ſeized with madneſs. I ordered her to be brought into the houſe; but on the ſervants and myſelf attempting to ſeize her, ſhe jumped into the midſt of a thorny buſh, and was much ſcratched, but ſeemed inſenſible to pain. At length we brought her into the houſe, where I had her held down, beat pretty ſmartly with my hands the ſoles of her feet and palms of her hands, applied eau de luce and burnt feathers to her noſe, but without effect. The ſpirit ſtill exclaimed, "I will deſtroy you all!"

'My moonſhi (Perſian tutor) now begged leave to try his ſkill. He began by aſking the ſpirit its name? It replied, "My name is Pere Khan; I was killed in battle on this ſpot, and my tomb, which ſtands near this houſe, has been polluted: unleſs you kill a cock over it, erect a pole, and light every night a lamp, and repeat a fateah (a prayer, being the firſt chapter of the Koraun), I will deſtroy you all."

'The moonſhi gravely promiſed to comply with this demand, when the poſſeſſed ſunk for a few moments into a ſtate of ſtupor; then opening her eyes, faintly aſked (for ſhe was much exhauſted), what had been the matter, and why ſhe was ſcratched, &c. We informed her, and I accuſed her of impoſition; but ſhe affirmed ſhe was ignorant of what had paſſed. It was in vain that I remonſtrated with the moonſhi, &c. What the ſpirit had directed was performed.

'I muſt remark, that a battle had been fought on the ſpot, which was near the provincial capital of Midnapore. There was alſo a tomb, as the poſſeſſed deſcribed, near my cook-room. It was a loneſome ſituation, and ſurrounded by a wood. I ſuſpected that it was a trick of the ſervants to make me move to quarters they liked better. The ſpirit, however, never plagued us again after its requeſt was complied with. One and all denied any artifice in the buſineſs.'

In page 178 of the third volume, captain Scott bears witness to the merits of Richardson, a laborious orientalist, who, it is said, died in India of a broken heart.—In the same volume (page 225) the following note occurs.

'I remember translating a letter received by the governor-general, Mr. Hastings, from the Teshoo Lama, giving an account of his transmigration from the body of his predecessor into his then infantine frame; which I am sorry I have not a copy of, as it would here have made an acceptable note.'

In the appendix (at the end of the third volume) are given the outlines of a few tales, which, on account of their resemblance to other stories, or their indelicacy, were not translated in the regular series: but we must regret that the 'Story of the first young Man' has not been more fully detailed, since his escape from the monster's cavern so much resembles the celebrated adventure of Ulysses in the Odyssey. Could Einaiut Oollah, a modern writer of Dehli, have known any thing of Homer?—With a wish that captain Scott may give us, through some other channel, the complete translation of this story, we close our observations on a work which we admire.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, in the Years 1798 *and* 1799. *By the Right Reverend Beilby, Lord Bishop of that Diocese.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d.* Cadell *and* Davies. 1799.

WITH very great concern we feel ourselves unable to give, to the whole of this elegant and impressive discourse, that approbation which many parts of it highly deserve. The mixture of politics and religion, where the latter ought to be the sole object of consideration, may be deemed prejudicial to the real interests of both; and we must lament that so respectable an individual as the bishop of London could give a sanction to tales framed by idle visionaries, and without reserve recommend publications which not only offend against the sobriety of the Gospel, but evidently oppose the doctrines of the church of England. In the first instance we allude to the assertion founded on the authority of a Barruel and a Robison, which is said to be supported by 'undoubted evidence, collected from the most authentic sources,' that 'the total subversion of a great empire, and the extirpation of the national faith, were effected by philosophists and *illuminati.*' Not the least notice is taken of the inherent vices in that empire, the extravagance, oppression, and financial mismanagement in the state, the superstitious observances in the church,

and the increaſed knowledge and wealth among the lower orders of the people. We were ſurpriſed that a prelate could fall into this vulgar deluſion; and we were alſo aſtoniſhed at his declaration, that 'there are ſocieties among us inſtituted for the very purpoſe of propagating infidelity and profligacy through the iſland, more eſpecially among the lower claſſes of the people.' If ſuch ſocieties exiſt, they ought to be ſuppreſſed; and his lordſhip is ſcarcely juſtifiable in neglecting to give notice of their exiſtence to the magiſtrates.

The worthy prelate ſeems in theſe reſpects to have been carried away by his zeal; and as in the diſcourſe we find the uſe of the ſuperlative abounding, we may make ſome allowance for the mode of expreſſion familiar to the writer. In the ſame manner accidental connexions are ſtated as general truths. Thus it is ſaid, 'that whoever is in any degree a traitor to his ſovereign, ſcarce ever fails to be in the ſame proportion an apoſtate from his God.' Our own hiſtory affords many inſtances againſt this poſition. The traitors to Charles I. were in general charged with too great a zeal for religion. James II. cannot be accuſed of apoſtaſy from his God, though his treaſon to his country was evident; and the earl of Rocheſter was a faithful ſubject to his ſovereign, though his impiety is amply recorded. By falſe poſitions the due allegiance of a ſubject is weakened rather than ſupported; and we are certain that he who is faithful to his God will be the moſt obſervant of the duty of the former character.

Among the writings recommended with unreſtrained commendation, and without any reſtriction for doctrinal errors, are thoſe of Wilberforce and Hannah More; from either of whom we ſhould be unwilling to with-hold the tribute of applauſe for their good intentions; though we cannot give them ſo much credit as the biſhop for their attention to the Scriptures, or knowledge of the doctrines of the eſtabliſhed church.

In treating of ſceptics and unbelievers, the author hazards a general aſſertion, which, if true, might have been omitted in an addreſs to the clergy, whoſe great occupation it ſhould be to convert to the faith rather than to irritate.

'In general, it may ſafely be aſſerted, that whatever pretences may be ſet up for renouncing revelation, the real and ſubſtantial, and moſt prevalent impediments to it are, vice, prejudice, indolence, indifference, partial examination, or none at all, ſelf-conceit, pride, vanity, love of ſingularity, a diſdain to think with the vulgar, an ambition to figure at the head of a ſect, and to be conſidered as ſuperior to the reſt of mankind in genius, penetration, and diſcernment.' P. 19.

But we turn with pleaſure to paſſages in which the biſhop

ſhines in his true character, in which he inculcates on his clergy ſuch evangelical precepts as cannot be too ſtrongly fixed in their minds.

'More particularly it will not be ſufficient to amuſe your hearers with ingenious moral eſſays on the dignity of human nature, the beauty of virtue, and the deformity and inconvenience of vice. This will be a feeble and ineffectual effort, will be as "ſounding braſs and a tinkling cymbal." If you wiſh for any effectual ſucceſs, you muſt take a very different courſe. You muſt lay before your people, with plainneſs and with force, the great fundamental doctrines of the goſpel; you muſt ſhew them to themſelves, you muſt tell them plainly and honeſtly, what they are and what they ought to be; you muſt convince them that they are frail, corrupt, and fallen creatures; that man, ſince he came out of the hands of his Creator, has contracted a radical taint, which has miſerably vitiated his moral frame; that the remedy, the only remedy, for this great, this inveterate diſeaſe of the ſoul, is to be found in the goſpel; in the application of the means there pointed out for the recovery of what we have loſt; in the renovation of the heart and life by its doctrine and its precepts; in the illumination of the underſtanding, in the ſanctification of the ſoul, in the aid given to the infirmities of our nature, by the heavenly influences of the holy ſpirit; and, above all, in the ſacrifice made for all mankind upon the croſs by our Redeemer, and in humble reliance on that ſacrifice for pardon and acceptance.' P. 22.

The exhortation to the clergy to be aſſiduous in reading and explaining to their flock the ſacred writings, is accompanied with a true and animated deſcription of them, honorable to the writer's heart and talents.

'They are more calculated to arreſt the attention, to ſeize the imagination, to affect the heart, to engage the affections, to alarm the fears, and excite the hopes of mankind, than any human compoſition whatever. Other books may afford us much entertainment, much information, and much inſtruction; may gratify our curioſity, may delight our imagination, may improve our underſtanding, may calm our paſſions, may exalt our ſentiments, may amend our hearts: but they have not, they cannot have, that authority in what they affirm, in what they require, in what they promiſe, in what they threaten, that the ſcriptures have. There is a peculiar energy, and dignity, and weight in them, which is not to be found in any other writings. They are, as the epiſtle to the Hebrews deſcribes them, "quick and powerful, and ſharper than any two-edged ſword, piercing even to the dividing aſunder of ſoul and ſpirit, and of the joints and marrow, and are diſcerners of the thoughts and intents of the heart." P. 27.

Our limits do not permit us to add other paſſages, equally

inſtructive and energetic; and we lament that one ſo able to impreſs the mind with truly evangelical ſentiments ſhould have ſuffered his attention to be diverted in the leaſt degree, by temporary circumſtances, from thoſe intereſts which are not of this world, and which are eternal.

A Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakſpeare-Papers: being a Reply to Mr. Malone's Anſwer, which was early announced, but never publiſhed: with a Dedication to George Steevens, F. R. S. S. A. And a Poſtſcript to T. J. Mathias, F. R. S. S. A. the Author of the Purſuits of Literature. By George Chalmers, F. R. S. S. A. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Egerton. 1799.

THIS publication having already encountered minute and ſevere inveſtigation, from adepts in black-letter lore, we are diſpoſed to vary the mode of criticiſm, and to conſider it merely as a production in the department of *belles lettres*. This general point of view will, we are afraid, prove as little favorable to the author, as the other aſpect under which this volume has been regarded. A reader converſant in the *belles lettres* will find himſelf as much diſguſted by the eccentric deſign, the tedious minuteneſs and inſignificance of the topics diſcuſſed, and, above all, the author's ſelf-conſequence and virulence of temper, as any amateur of our old Engliſh literature can be with his heterogeneous criticiſms, and want of accuracy in quotation.

In an ironical dedication to Mr. Steevens, the author gravely informs us that he HIMSELF 'has written ſeveral *lives* with knowledge and elegance.' With the elegance of this writer's manner and ſtyle we are wholly unacquainted; and the knowledge requiſite to produce a life of Defoe or Ruddiman could not be of difficult acquiſition. To the applauſe which Mr. Chalmers beſtows upon his own tracts on trade, and political annals, we would more readily have aſſented, had it proceeded from any other perſon; but we muſt ſay that he did not act judiciouſly in abandoning thoſe ſtudies in which he was really converſant, and betaking himſelf in his advanced years to literary topics, which cannot be ably or accurately handled without a long previous education, and a decided propenſity from early youth. Commercial purſuits are perhaps of all others the leaſt calculated to form a proper avenue to the ſevere labours of learning; and, if our author have read Horace, he has forgotten his golden maxim.

—— 'Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium: alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, et conjurat amicè.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
MULTA TULIT FECITQUE PUER; SUDAVIT ET ALSIT.'

We could not avoid a smile, when we observed Mr. Chalmers, in his dedication and advertisement, loudly complaining of slanderous arts, literary malice, and *bush-fighting*.

'Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?'

Of his being no stranger to such manœuvres, we are informed that convincing proofs remain, which may one day be laid before the public.

To attempt to analyse a work, which has no plan, order, or connexion, would be a superfluous labour. We shall content ourselves with offering a few observations on some of the chief topics. We have already observed the danger of an author's leaving subjects in which he has long been conversant, and going on a new and untried pursuit, in which he will be very apt to betray the ignorance of a novice, joined with the obstinacy of age. Accustomed to treat certain objects, which he already understands, with a portion of skill and decision, he will be led to imagine that he possesses the same skill, and that he may exert the same decision, in matters with which he is unacquainted. These remarks are justified by the errors, otherwise strange and unaccountable, into which Mr. Chalmers has fallen with regard to the sonnets of Spenser and Shakspeare. It appears from the conversation of Ben Jonson with Drummond, that the *amoretti* of the former poet were dispraised by Ben, as unworthy of his pen; but, had the circumstance of their being addressed to Elisabeth been known or imagined, at that period, Jonson would hardly have omitted such an anecdote, or have failed to contrast the meanness of the sonnets with the greatness of the occasion. Our author's heterodox opinion has been so ably refuted, if indeed any refutation of such a dream was necessary, that we shall not contend for a share in the trophy. Yet we may be allowed to hint, that, as Spenser and many other poets had dedicated their sonnets to love, Shakspeare, who, even when he imitated, aspired at some degree of originality, offered his to friendship; but, the idea being new, he was in a manner forced to use some images and expressions, considered as peculiar to the only models which he had to follow, namely, amatory sonnets. In his time also, the terms *love* and *lover* being used indifferently for either sex, and Shakspeare not being very puritanical in his language, as appears from several passages in his plays, though his morals were unimpeachable, some confusion of ideas has arisen, which with this small clue may, it is believed, be easily extricated.

We shall not search for grains of wheat in bushels of chaff; but, as, after a patient reading, the book has left no trace on

our minds, except that there is in it a curious paper concerning the family of Spenſer, we will not fatigue our readers with minute obſervations on minute objects. The chronology of Shakſpeare's dramas here attempted to be elucidated may be compared by the reader with that of Mr. Malone. The violent ſtruggles *de lanâ caprinâ*, and the ſtrange ratiocination admitted on both ſides (ex. gr. that Shakſpeare could not mention an earthquake, or a peſtilence, without thinking of thoſe only that had happened in his time), may excite the ridicule of ſome, but impreſs us with the deepeſt regret, as they ſeem to announce the approaching dotage of Engliſh literature.

At the end of this taſteleſs farrago is what the author calls a poſtſcript (of 160 pages), addreſſed to Mr. Matthias, whom he ſuppoſes to be the author of the Purſuits of Literature. Never was there a literary ſcolding managed with more virulence. The petulance of the author of the Purſuits is certainly outdone; and he is completely foiled at his own weapons. The laughers are highly indebted to both the pugiliſts, who thus expoſe themſelves for the amuſement of the ſpectators. We ſhall cloſe this heterogeneous poſtſcript of a heterogeneous book, with remarking that it is no wonder that Mr. Chalmers ſhould ſhow his bad taſte with regard to Junius, when other parts of the poſtſcript indicate that he is a ſtranger to the common rules, and common anomalies, of the Engliſh language. To uſe the forcible expreſſion of a very different writer, 'we diſdain to chaſe a ſchoolboy to his common-places.' His remarks on the language of Mr. Matthias (which in many inſtances we would be the laſt to defend) ſhow that he has ſcarcely any idea of poetical, or even of elevated expreſſion, and would wiſh to introduce into the literary page the grammar of buſineſs, and the anomalies of office. His opinion that a young Iriſhman, called Boyd, was the author of the letters of Junius, has been refuted by Mr. Woodfall, brother of the original publiſher. But Mr. Chalmers is the boldeſt of all poſſible aſſertors, and muſt be left in the quiet and unenvied poſſeſſion of his own dogmata. In the alleged inſtances of falſe grammar, which he adduces from the letters of Junius, he is not always correct; and, even if he were, we muſt recollect that our greateſt writers are not free from ſuch minute ſlips of the *humana incuria*. No mortal work is faultleſs; and, as we prefer Shakſpeare to Chalmers, ſo do we prefer the unequal pages of genius to the feeble monotony of dullneſs, which, purſuing its plain eaſy route, can ſeldom hazard a fall, becauſe it never aſpires to climb.

The Writing-Desk; or, Youth in Danger. A Play, in four Acts. Literally translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue. 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*. Robinsons. 1799.

The Wise Man of the East. A Play, in five Acts, performing at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. From the German of Kotzebue. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. 2*s*. Robinsons. 1799.

KOTZEBUE seems to compose with great ease and rapidity. Dramatic pieces and other works flow from his pen with remarkable facility; and, though his compositions are of unequal merit, all may be said to display some portion of genius.

The work which now appears before us bears marks of the hand of Kotzebue. Its fable and plot may be thus stated. The chief personage of the drama is Ditthelm, a young merchant, who is represented as a man of pleasure and dissipation, with a benevolent heart. His first clerk Herrmann is a prudent and faithful manager of his concerns; but his servant Flink is an encourager of his indiscretions. His conduct is watched by Hadebrath, a supposed conjuror, who promises to gratify him with a sight of the ghost of his friend Blunt. A respectable friend of Ditthelm is a counsellor named Erlen, whose daughter Sophia is represented as 'virtuous without pride, modest without bashfulness, witty without ridicule, and prudent without affectation.' The merchant prefers her to the other females of his acquaintance; but his pride is wounded by the consideration of her being in a state of servitude. Her father had been impoverished by the loss of a sum of money, which, having been deposited in the hands of Ditthelm's father, who died soon after, was not returned by the guardians of the son, as Erlen could produce no proof but his word.

Madame Luppnitz, an artful widow, and her daughter Emily, carry on an under-plot in the piece. They endeavour to draw Ditthelm into the snares of matrimony; and, with that view, ensign Erlen, the counsellor's son, is requested by the widow to assume the character of the brother of Emily, that, after witnessing an amorous conversation between Ditthelm and the young lady, he may intimidate the merchant into a marriage with her. He promises a compliance with the request, as he also does with that of Hadebrath, who wishes him to represent the ghost of Blunt.

In the mean time, some fashionable gamblers, who meet at the house of an unprincipled countess, conspire to fleece Ditthelm; but Sophia, who is in the service of that lady, informs

him, by a letter, of his danger; and an old officer, having been ruined at the same house, thus addresses him:

'*Captain Fern.* From the respect I bear to the memory of your late worthy father, I will explain myself more literally; and should I, in this hour, be so fortunate as to save a youth from destruction, then will my visit here have not proved in vain. I will shew you the abyss into which I have plunged myself—you are as yet only at the brink of it—you may escape. Twenty years I passed in the East Indies; through diligence and a constant attention to business, I had acquired a small fortune; when a passionate longing for my native country arose, I embarked with my wife and children, and with the happy intention of enjoying it at home in the circle of domestic peace. Not being aware of the alterations in Europe, I formed my opinion of people by the rule of former times, and was already a man in years. When I appeared in this new world, scarcely had I stepped on shore when the hounds got scent of my little fortune—met me every where with friendly faces, and gave me warm receptions; when I began talking, my sense was admired; if I gave a trifle to the poor, my beneficence was extolled; all went on admirably, till my fate accidentally whirled me to the house of this Circe—where the demon of play took advantage of my unaccustomed idleness, and chained me to the gaming table, from which I was not released—'till poverty and desperation paid my ransom. Yes, Mr. Ditthelm, gaming has been my ruin. Ah! but that is not all—not only mine; it has also ruined my domestic comfort; has ruined the health of my dear wife, whose heavenly sweetness of mind has prevented me from buying, with my last sixpence, a charge of gun-powder *(beating his forehead)*.' P. 50.

Ditthelm, aroused by the warning, resolves to relinquish his habit of gaming, and, in an interview with Sophia, promises a reformation of his general conduct. He even offers her his hand, which, however, she refuses, not deeming herself worthy of such an honor. She is now discarded by the countess, as the betrayer of a secret; but she consoles herself with the consciousness of having done her duty.

A part of the scene in which she rejects the offer of Ditthelm, we will present to our readers.

'*Sophia.* Well, yes, Mr. Ditthelm, I did write the letter; my intention was good.

'*Ditt.* I don't doubt it.

'*Sophia.* An act out of love to mankind—

'*Ditt.* Away with that! love is so fine a word, that all one can put before it, only disfigures.

'*Sophia. (smiling)* Love! you are vain.

'*Ditt.* Proud and fortunate, if I have spoken truth—

'*Sophia.* We poor creatures are badly off; we dare not even do good.

'*Ditt.* Why not?

'*Sophia.* Becauſe our actions, though ever ſo pure, are conſtrued into love.

'*Ditt.* Charity is love.

'*Sophia.* I therefore ſwear, were you to fall into the water this very day, I would hold out my finger.

'*Ditt.* *(entreating)* But the whole hand?

'*Sophia.* Will you venture upon it?

'*Ditt.* Yes, yes, although you hide your affection behind a facetious ſcreen, yet I know you love—can read it in your eyes.

'*Sophia.* O Sir! in the eyes of women, and in a Chineſe book, one learns at beſt but ſpelling.

'*Ditt.* 'Tis to no purpoſe! I will not let you eſcape—*(with warmth)*—it is not from to-day that your modeſty and goodneſs have fettered my attention; it is not from to-day that your charms and virtue have captivated my heart; I have long bore affection—*(takes hold of her hand)*—I love you!

'*Sophia.* *(with reſerve)* Stop, Mr. Ditthelm! the leaſt I expect is to deſerve your eſteem.

'*Ditt.* Eſteem and love are ſiſters.

'*Sophia.* Your declaration is, cenſured with the utmoſt mildneſs, a youthful raſhneſs.

'*Ditt.* God! let me continue in it 'till I am grey with age!

'*Sophia.* I am only a ſervant.

'*Ditt.* And I a merchant. Shall prejudice deprive me of my happineſs? you are poor—would to heaven I were the ſame! then ſhould I have the merit of working for you. You are perhaps of poor parents? name them to me, that I may fly, and convince them that I ſhall pride myſelf in calling an honeſt tradeſman—father!

'*Sophia.* For God's ſake, Mr. Ditthelm! whither does a raſh attachment miſlead you? you forget your ſituation and rank. Repentance is always an adder—but repentance in wedlock is hell on earth! I therefore beg and beſeech you, diſturb not my tranquillity.

'*Ditt.* Have youthful errors ſo debaſed me in your opinion, that you believe me entirely void of feeling? are there no examples that young extravagant men have been converted by the prudence of a wife, and become ſteady and domeſtic?

'*Sophia.* The trial is always dangerous.

'*Ditt.* I perceive it daily more and more, that ſuch a wife is alone wanting to make me what I wiſh to be; I ſhould have felt it, even had old Herrmann not reminded me. O! be you this wife! you have perhaps ſaved my parental inheritance: ſave alſo my heart.

'*Sophia.* Mr. Ditthelm, your extaſy is merely paſſion of youth,

of which I dare not take advantage; to prove it to you, that you may not be miſtaken in me, I refuſe your hand.

'*Ditt.* (*much hurt*) Sophia!

'*Sophia.* Leſt you ſhould think me inſenſible, I add, that I do it unwillingly.

'*Ditt.* Oh then ſhall I not allow it! in vain do you reſiſt againſt the power of love: virtue may alſo go beyond the proper bounds. Dear lovely girl, you have fulfilled the ſtricteſt demands of propriety; yield now to my ſofter entreaties.

'*Sophia.* (*confuſed*) Mr. Ditthelm, give me time—

'*Ditt.* No, no, you are now affected; this feeling muſt not grow cold—even now you muſt anſwer me.

'*Sophia.* I can not; I am not at my own diſpoſal.

'*Ditt.* On whom do you depend? where live the good people that educated ſuch a daughter for my future happineſs? conduct me thither—be it the meaneſt hut—grant me the pleaſure of furniſhing the authors of your exiſtence with comfort, and of relieving their ſorrows.

'*Sophia.* (*much moved*) Relieve my parents of their ſorrows?

'*Ditt.* Yes, Sophia, let this proſpect confirm your reſolution, if nothing elſe ſpeaks for me in your heart; then will I renounce the irregularities of diſſipation; then will I ſhake off all unworthy fetters, and live only to chain your affection to my heart. This amiable red on your cheeks—this trembling hand—this ſoft tear in your eye. O Sophia! give your feelings a free ſcope—ſpeak a word of comfort. (*falls on his knee before her.*)' P. 58.

After ſome preparation, Hadebrath enters upon the buſineſs of ghoſtly deception: but the enſign throws off his diſguiſe, and declares that he was hired to impoſe upon Ditthelm. The conjuror, threatened with impriſonment, appeaſes the merchant by relating his ſtory, which is that of an unfortunate tradeſman, who had endeavoured to profit by the credulity of Ditthelm. The next experiment upon the merchant is tried by Emily, who allures him to ſome freedoms with her perſon. Young Erlen now makes his appearance, and, inſtead of co-operating with the lady, informs Ditthelm of her artifices.

The affair of the *writing-deſk*, from which the piece derived its appellation, is now brought forward. An officer of the police is preparing to diſtrain the goods of old Erlen; and, in examining a deſk which had belonged to Ditthelm's father, he finds in a ſecret drawer ſome bank-notes, which the counſellor recogniſes as his property, though he forbears to appropriate the treaſure to himſelf without the conſent of Ditthelm. The merchant applauds his honeſty, and inſiſts upon his acceptance of the notes. In a letter found at the ſame time, Ditthelm is deſired by his parent to eſpouſe Sophia Erlen; but he declares that he cannot comply with the injunction, being

attached to one whom he supposes to be a different person. Observing Sophia in familiar conversation with the ensign, he is inflamed with jealousy; but he soon discovers that she is the daughter of his friend; his love and duty are then reconciled; and he gives her his hand.

Such is the substance of the Writing-Desk. It is not the most brilliant or masterly of the plays of Kotzebue: but it is not deficient in interest or in entertainment. The character of Ditthelm is amiable, though not exemplary. We feel for the family of Erlen; we smile at the tricks of Hadebrath, and at the artifices of the widow; and, though occasional improbabilities strike us, amusement repels disgust.

Mrs. Inchbald, we observe, has made considerable alterations in the piece. The German impostor, transformed into a supposed Asiatic sorcerer, gives name to the borrowed drama. Instead of being a distressed stranger, he proves to be the father of the merchant Claransforth, before whom he engages to exhibit the ghost of his deceased parent. In lieu of Madame Luppnitz and her daughter, we find a Quaker family introduced; and while Kotzebue has left Emily unprovided with a husband, the English dramatist has united Ruth Starch, the counterpart of that character, with ensign Metland. A pleasant scene in the house of the Quaker may amuse our readers.

'*Enter a* Quaker Servant.

'*Serv.* A man bedecked in scarlet, he whom thou hast long ago desired me to watch, slily put this letter into my hand, and required of me to give it as slily to Ruth, whom he called my young mistress.

'*Tim.* Give the letter to me. [Servant *gives him the letter.*]

'*Rachel* [*to the* Servant]. And go thou back to the man in scarlet, and say unto him, Follow me to Ruth, who wisheth to commune with thee. [*Exit* Servant.

'*Ruth.* I want not to commune with any man.

'*Rachel.* But I and thy father do.

'*Tim.* [*after reading the letter*]. Yea;—it behoveth us to rebuke this man, who is, I perceive, by his subscription, he whom we suspected—the son of the ruined Metland; and when he cannot behold Ruth by besetting the house, writes unto her foolish epistles, called love-letters.

'[*Enter* Servant, *showing in* Ensign Metland, *who starts.*]

'Thou art surprised to be brought before the parents, when thou didst only expect to see the maiden, whom thou affrontest by thy wanton love.

'*Ensign.* I am, I own, amazed at the deceit by which I was allured hither;—but I deny the epithet which you have given to my passion;—for it is sincere, it is pure, it is honorable.

'*Tim.* And, in anſwer to all thy pretenſions—I ſay unto thee, young man, thou weareſt a red coat.

'*Enſign.* I ſcorn illiberal reproaches, or elſe I would ſay in return——

'*Tim.* What!—what would'ſt thou ſay?

'*Enſign.* That you—wear a brown one.

'*Tim.* Is there any reproach in that?

'*Enſign.* Surely not.—Who but reverences the modes of your ſect, the ſober decency of your habit and manners; the ſteady ſobriety of your men, the modeſt demeanour of your women; that timid retiring diſpoſition, that ſimple cloathing, tending to form the humble handmaid, the obedient wife, the meritorious mother.

'*Tim.* What importeth thy elocution? It is not only I, and my ſpouſe, who diſlike thee; but that damſel hath natural fear and terror of a ſoldier.—Haſt thou not, Ruth?

'*Ruth.* Yea, verily, I have fear and terror of an army of ſoldiers; but of one, all alone by himſelf, I am not much afraid.

'*Rachel.* Thou ſpeakeſt unwarily:—one ſoldier alone, in a young maiden's apartment, is more dangerous than ten thouſand in the field.

'*Ruth.* Thou filleſt me with aſtoniſhment!—To be in the midſt of a ſwarm of bees is perilous; but if one bee hums and buzzes about me, I think, with a little watching, I could ſuffer it to ſip honey even from the noſegay in my boſom.

'*Tim.* Daughter, do not compare a ſoldier to a harmleſs bee;—he is a lion.

'*Ruth.* The terror of the lion is in his fangs and his paws; that of a ſoldier in his firelock and bayonet; but when he lays aſide his arms, peradventure, he is as gentle as any other of his fellow creatures.

'*Tim.* Ruth! Ruth!—thy ſayings are unwiſe.

'*Rachel.* And I command thee to depart from among us.

'*Ruth.* I will ſhow obedience to my mother,—even ſuch obedience as I would ſhow to the huſband of my choice. [*Exit.*

'*Tim.* Come, Rachel, we will alſo retire.—And now, friend, being left alone, I truſt thou will likewiſe depart.' P. 24.

Claransforth, like Ditthelm, is liberal and humane; but he is more vicious than the German youth; for he aims at the ſeduction of Ellen Metland. On the firſt performance of Mrs. Inchbald's piece, Ellen was repreſented as having thrown herſelf into the Thames, after her eſcape from the hands of the merchant; but this incident was ſubſequently omitted, as it was juſtly diſapproved by the audience.

The penitence of Claransforth, and the grief of Metland for the temporary loſs of his daughter, appear in the following ſcene. When the letter found in the deſk is given to the merchant, he ſays,

'*Clar.* With reverence I break the honored seal, and will faithfully perform whatever he has commanded.—[*Reads*] "My dearest son—this letter you will not receive till you have lost your father, and I write to point out to you where to choose another.—Metland the elder has been my friend for many years. I wish him to be yours by the tie of relationship:—His daughter, in every endowment, resembles your deceased mother.—I was happy in the marriage state—That you may be so, I recommend to you Ellen Metland for a wife. [*He shows great emotion.*] Accept of this, my last advice, as you wish me peace in my grave.—With the hope that you will, I give my blessing to you both.

"Edward Claransforth."

'[*After reading the letter,* Metland *and* Claransforth *stand for some time fixed and silent.*

'*Met.* [*after an effort*].—Mr. Claransforth, you see before you a poor old father, sunk to the earth with shame, disappointment, and sorrow.—When your beneficent parent wrote that letter, I had a daughter—now I have none.—[*Bursting into a fit of tears*] For she has abandoned me and her mother—abandoned herself.——Oh! good young man! [*taking him by the hand*] she is unworthy of *you*.—A villain has seduced her—has destroyed that virtuous being who was the pride of her parents, and might have been the happiness of a husband.

'*Clar.* He!—that villain!—falls on his knees before you, and entreats for mercy.——Metland, I saw your daughter, and, not knowing her to be yours, by my arts seduced her from her friends; but in vain all my attempts to allure her from virtue.—Wherever she is, she is pure as her guardian angel. She fled my caresses—and, on the oath of a repentant libertine—she is virtuous.

'*Met.* Audacious profligate!—But tell me where she is, that I may fly—Where is my child?

'*Enter* Ava Thoanoa.

'*Ava.* Thy child lies on a sick bed, attended by physicians, who despair of restoring her to health, so powerfully has affliction visited both mind and body.

'*Met.* And yet I trust she will not die!—Heaven is all merciful, and will preserve mine and my poor wife's senses!—What friend to me has opened his door to a hapless wanderer?

'*Ava.* I—in my pursuit of the afflicted, I met her in a state of sorrow, bordering on distraction, and had her instantly conveyed to my apartments.—This is the address where you will find her. [*Gives a card.*] Keep it private, except to your own family.

'*Met.* Bless you, kind sir, the way is short, and yet it will seem tedious. [*Going.*]

'*Clar.* [*who had thrown himself distractedly on a sopha during the last speech*]. Metland!—do not leave me without your forgiveness!

'*Met.* Villain!, dread an injured father's wrath! [*Exit.*

' *Clar.* [*to* Ava]. Read that letter—You know the hand.—In aggravation of my guilt, it is my wife, the wife to whom my father secretly betrothed me, that I have thrown an outcast on the world.—Indian, I believe you—I now firmly believe all you have told me! My father's spirit cannot rest while his last will is directly violated, and I have the curses of those pious parents whom he hoped would bless me.—I am this instant at the crisis of my fate; and, if thou hast spoken truth, precipitate me at once to better or worse, by showing me my father.

' *Ava.* [*after a pause*]. You are unworthy of the promise I made you: but my word has more weight with me than your offences.' P. 70.

The scene in which the Wise Man of the East assumes his true character, has a good effect on the stage. He says to Claransforth,

' *Ava.* Are you prepared? [*Solemnly*] Do you think your courage will not fail you at the sight of your father?

' *Clar.* I should sink to the earth were I to behold him:—But, confident that I shall not—I defy both him and you.

' *Ava.* Then to the trial.—Stand firmly, and keep your eye fixed on that entrance—that door.

' *Clar.* Very well—I do.

' *Ava.* Would you see him alone, or shall I stay with you?

' *Clar.* Alone!

' *Ava.* I'll send him to you, then, immediately.

' *Clar.* No, hold!—you shall stay by me. I'll have no imposition.—You shall not go, and move a puppet from behind a curtain.—Stay by me, and call him to come forth.

' *Ava.* I must repeat the words of the charm in private: then I'll return, and he shall follow me. [*Exit.*

' *Clar.* How powerful is the effect of imagination!—The harassed state of my mind—my remorse—night—and, above all, the venerable aspect of this man, and the solemn language of his fictions, put me in a tremor.

' *Enter a person, who, in appearance, exactly represents* Ava Thoanoa.

' *Clar.* Well!

' *The supposed* Ava *holds up his hand to enjoin silence: then turns towards the door, on which he and* Claransforth *fix their eyes, with an anxious watchfulness, when* Claransforth *(the father) enters slow and stately—The younger* Claransforth *appears amazed, and shocked.—The elder* Claransforth *stands fixed.*

' *Clar. the Younger* [*after a pause*]. It is the exact figure of my father—Exact—and almost makes me tremble.—Admirable deception!—surprising ingenuity!—wonderful art!—Detain him—don't let him disappear—let me survey him nearer first. [Claransforth *the*

Elder *walks forward.*] Excellent piece of mechanism!—I could even talk or kneel to that form.—'Tis most surprising! and childish prejudices will cling about me.—Yet, that you are not a ghost, I am certain.—But what, in the name of wonder, are you?———

'*Clar. the Elder.* I am he whom you mistook for Ava, the Indian.

'*Clar. the Younger.* Ah! my good friend Ava, himself, in the shape of my father.—Then what is this figure? He must be a ghost for certain?—[*Goes up to the person who represents* Ava.—*This person takes off his beard, &c. and discovers himself to be* Bankwell.]—Bankwell engaged in a trick upon me! Then I see, I understand it all.—That is not the Indian in my father's form.—It was my father who put on the Indian's—my living father, who but feigned to die, that he might have the means to search into all the frailties of his son.

'*Clar. the Elder.* Your conjecture is right—and he will punish those frailties. For do not think, because I have descended to practise an idle deception on you, that I mean to fool on.—This trifling was but to fulfil the promise I was provoked to make by your sceptic discourse. [Claransforth *the* Younger *falls on his knees.*]—No, sir! no pardon from me—

'[*Enter* Metland, *and* Ensign Metland]

—till you have received it here.

'*Met.* I am in astonishment—Is it possible?—Do I behold Claransforth, my former friend?

'*Clar. the Elder.* Say your *present* friend—more firmly yours than ever.

'*Met.* Amazement!

'*Clar. the Elder.* My friend, I have watched you and your family, through all your sorrows, all your meritorious conduct, beneath the wrong I did you, and which it shall be now my happiness to repair.—I have watched all those, too, whom I equally loved; and I have found the far greater number, such as make this world more dear, than when, in the midst of my house, in flames, my danger brought to my recollection a secret passage, by which I preserved my life—yet preserved it with such hazard, that you all thought me dead. This gave, to my curious and suspicious nature, an opportunity which I could not resist.———Bankwell alone has been my confidant;—by his means, I have been enabled to prove all your hearts; and, I rejoice to say that, except in one instance, I have been delighted by the experiment.

'*Clar. the Younger.* I am the exception.

'*Clar. the Elder.* You are.

'*Clar. the Younger.* And, yet, how I have sinned against my duty to my father is, to myself, unknown;—for the inmost recesses of my heart cannot reproach me with the want of filial love.

'*Clar. the Elder.* You have sinned against heaven and your neighbour.—I take those injuries on myself.

'*Clar. the Younger.* But heaven is merciful.—So ſometimes is man.' P. 74.

On a compariſon of the two plays, we are more pleaſed with that which is adapted to the Engliſh ſtage than with the literal tranſlation of the German. The excreſcences of Kotzebue are judiciouſly pruned; and the feelings are more powerfully excited by Mrs. Inchbald. But, with all due regard to the dramatic talents of this ingenious lady, we do not think that ſhe has ſufficiently enlivened the piece to render it a favorite comedy, or give it a long eſtabliſhment on our ſtage.

The Natural Hiſtory of the Lepidopterous Inſects of Georgia: including their ſyſtematic Characters, the Particulars of their ſeveral Metamorphoſes, and the Plants on which they feed, collected from the Obſervations of Mr. John Abbott, many Years reſident in that Country, by James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 2 Vols. Folio. 21*l.* Edwards.

EVEN in this æra of ſplendid publications, we have met with none that can be compared with the volume before us. The inſects are coloured with exquiſite taſte, and are repreſented in all the ſtages of their changeful life with ſpirit and fidelity. Mr. Abbott has purſued the lepidopterous inſects as a philoſopher rather than as a nomenclator. He has in many parts given their hiſtory, and the ſyſtematic names have been affixed by the induſtrious perſeverance of Dr. Smith. The lepidopterous inſects are very numerous, and fill a large, we had almoſt ſaid a diſproportioned, ſpace in the beſt ſyſtems. To aſcertain the various ſpecies muſt, therefore, have been a work of extraordinary labour; nor indeed without the numerous collections to which Dr. Smith could have acceſs was this principal object to be attained. The ſpecific characters have not been blindly adopted from Fabricius or Linnæus, the latter of whom was acquainted with very few lepidopteræ, but have been modeled from an examination of all the ſpecies. Fabricius himſelf was not ſanguine of his ſucceſs with regard to inſects of this claſs, as he had examined them only in cabinets.

Few of our readers, probably, are ignorant that the Linnæan entomology has been ſuperſeded by the ſyſtem of Fabricius. The vaſt acceſſion to our knowledge, in this department of natural hiſtory, ſoon rendered the inſects too numerous for the general outline of the 'ſyſtem of nature.' The Philoſophia Botanica, however, contained the rudiments of ſcientific arrangement; and Fabricius, the pupil and follower of Linnæus,

expanded his syſtem on the foundations of the Swediſh naturaliſt. Inſects have been delineated with ſplendid colouring, in France by Olivier, in Germany by Clerk and Cramer, in England, with ſuperior ſucceſs, by Drury; but theſe naturaliſts have drawn the perfect inſect; and who would expect the brilliant plumage of the butterfly in the brown unſightly chryſalis? The ſucceſſive forms ſhould therefore have been drawn, at leaſt thoſe of the papilionaceous tribe; but of this more extended labour, there have been few examples, even among European inſects; and Madame Merian alone has explored the haunts of inſects, in regions beyond the Atlantic.

In this work, each inſect is figured in its ſtate of a caterpillar, chryſalis, and butterfly, with a branch of the tree or plant on which it feeds. The complete inſect of each ſex is repreſented. Of the papiliones, the upper and under ſides are often exhibited, eſpecially when they greatly differ. The phalenæ do not ſo much differ in their ſides: the chief variation is in the ſexes.

North America affords numerous inſects of great beauty. The caterpillar, ſometimes reſembling an European, will change to a butterfly eſſentially different from what its reſemblance produces in Europe. Occaſionally the butterflies agree, and the caterpillars differ.

'The worms of the ſcarabæi reſemble that of the Engliſh cockchafer, and all live in the earth. Their bodies are generally white, with black or brown heads, the different ſpecies differing chiefly in ſize. The *larvæ* of the *cerambix* genus, and thoſe of the *lepturæ*, nearly agree in ſhape and colour. They live in trunks of trees, often immediately under the bark. Both the *larva* and *pupa*, however, of *cerambix coriarius*, reſemble thoſe of ſcarabæi. The *coccinellæ* and *chryſomelæ*, in their early ſtates, are much like thoſe of Europe.' P. vi.

The larva of the lantern fly is about an inch and a half long, ſhining like phoſphoric touch-wood, or the light of the moon. It lives in rotten wood, and is rarely found. The fly is very common in the night, and enlivens it by various ſparklings. 'The light is emitted by a dilatation or elongation of the abdomen, the ſhining matter being lodged in the two laſt rings, ſo that when theſe rings are contracted the inſect is no longer luminous.'

The deſcriptions are given in French and Engliſh. The name, which is generally that of Fabricius, is accompanied with the ſynonyms of Linnæus, Cramer, Drury, and other naturaliſts. The ſpecific character follows. Mr. Abbott's deſcription, and the remarks of Dr. Smith, are ſubjoined.

The plates are one hundred and four in number, fifty of which are contained in the firſt volume. Beſides the inſect in

its different metamorphoses, we find accurate delineations of the plant on which it feeds, frequently in bloom. This work, therefore, contains a treasure of botany as well as of entomology. The botanical part of the work we find correct; in the entomology, we think we have discovered some errors; but these do little injury to a work in other respects so elegant, splendid, and accurate. The colouring is in a superior style, apparently executed by transparent or water colours: there is no artificial gloss: we seem to view the real plant, the real insects, and, in some circumstances, are almost tempted to catch at them, so distant is the suspicion of their being imitations.

Pantographia; containing accurate Copies of all the known Alphabets in the World; together with an English Explanation of the peculiar Force or Power of each Letter: to which are added, Specimens of all well-authenticated Oral Languages; forming a comprehensive Digest of Phonology. By Edmund Fry. 8vo. 2l. 2s. *Boards.* Arch. 1799.

THIS work presents itself to our consideration in two points of view, since it exhibits specimens of written and of oral language. We shall, accordingly, first examine it as a *pantographia*, and afterwards investigate its *phonological* merits.

The ingenious compiler has arranged the various specimens in alphabetical succession. Those which are not in common use are neatly cut in wood; the others are given in moveable types. These specimens occupy the left-hand pages of the volume, whilst the opposite contain short explanations, or merely the authorities, which, in several instances, are comprised in a single line.

On the subject of the Greek alphabets and different modes of writing Mr. Fry seems to have bestowed particular attention; and he has in general followed able guides, such as Chishull, Montfaucon, &c. We shall extract part of this article as the fairest specimen of his style; indeed we may almost say, the only one; for the observations on the other languages seldom occupy more than half of a page.

'The (Greek) alphabets given under this title' (says Mr. Fry) 'were those originally in use over Europe. Even those countries which did not speak the Greek language, employed the characters of it. Cæsar found them in use among the ancient Gauls, and there can be no doubt but the Roman language and characters were derived from the same sources as the Greek.

'Before the victories of Alexander, this language was principally confined to Turkey in Europe, Sicily, Dalmatia, Anatolia, and the

iſlands of the Archipelago; his generals and ſucceſſors extended it over many parts of Aſia and Egypt; ſo that from the time of Alexander, to that of Pompey, it may be conſidered as having been the moſt general language of the world; and, what is truly aſtoniſhing, it continues to be ſpoken in a manner, which would have been intelligible to the ancient inhabitants of Greece.

'This is, perhaps, an inſtance of the greateſt longevity of language; few others having continued living and intelligible more than 500, whereas the Greek has ſurvived 3500 years.

'The cauſes of this will be found in the ſtructure of the language itſelf, the extent of its uſe, and the great merit of the authors who have written in it; as hiſtorians, orators, poets, philoſophers, mathematicians, and theologians: the New Teſtament, as well as the early fathers, are alſo written in Greek.

'In this, the terms of art are very ſignificant, which is the reaſon that modern languages borrow ſo many technical terms from it. When any new invention, inſtrument, machine, &c. is diſcovered, recourſe is generally had to the Greek for a name, the facility with which words are compounded, affording ſuch as are expreſſive of it's uſe; viz. Pantographia, muſic, barometer, eidouranion, philoſophy, &c. &c.

'Beſides the copiouſneſs and ſignificancy of this language, wherein it excels moſt, if not all, others, it has three numbers, viz. a ſingular, dual, and plural; alſo abundance of tenſes in it's verbs, making a variety in diſcourſe, and prevents that dryneſs always accompanying too great an uniformity, and renders it peculiarly proper for all kinds of poetry.

'It is not an eaſy matter to aſſign the preciſe interval between the modern and ancient Greek, which is to be diſtinguiſhed by the terminations of the nouns, pronouns, verbs, &c. not unlike what obtains between ſome of the dialects of the Italian and Spaniſh.

'There are alſo, in the modern Greek, many new words, not to be met with in the ancient: we may therefore diſtinguiſh three ages of this tongue, the firſt of which ends at the time when Conſtantinople became the capital of the Roman empire, about A. D. 360; from which period the ſecond continued 'till the taking of that city by the Turks, in 1453; and the third from that to the preſent time.

'When we compare the ancient Greek with the Phenician and Samaritan alphabets, no doubt can remain of their origin; and it is probable, that the uſe of letters travelled, progreſſively, from Chaldea to Phenicia, and thence along the coaſt of the Mediterranean, to Crete and Ionia, whence it might readily have paſſed over into Greece.

'As Inachus and Cecrops were ſaid to have been Egyptians, as was Agenor, the father of Cadmus, ſome have ſuppoſed that the Greeks received their alphabet from Egypt: if this be true, we

muſt confeſs that the Egyptians at that time uſed the ſame letters with the Phenicians.

'The opinion moſt generally received is, that Cadmus, the Phenician, introduced the firſt Greek alphabet into Bœotia, where he ſettled B. C. 1500; and this ſentiment is ſupported on the authorities of Herodotus, Diogenes Laertius, Pliny, Plutarch, and others among the ancients, and on thoſe of Scaliger, Salmaſius, Voſſius, Bochart, and other moderns.

'Many believe however, and not without weighty arguments on their ſide, that the Greeks had an alphabet before the time of Cadmus.' P. 106.

We are ſorry to find that the ingenious compiler has adopted ſeveral fictions of the obſolete and fanciful Duret and Theſeus Ambroſius. See the two Hebrew alphabets attributed to king Solomon, p. 145; the Saracenic No. 1, p. 252; and No. 2, p. 254. The third ſpecimen of Syriac or Stranghelo called *duplex* is, in fact, the ſecond written with double lines: this, with many others, might have been omitted.

We now proceed to the *phonological* articles of this work, or thoſe ſpecimens of oral languages, which, not having any elementary characters, are expreſſed in our European letters; ſuch as the extracts from the Otaheite vocabulary, the Lord's prayer in the Mohawk tongue, in that of *Nova Zembla*, &c.

As illuſtrating the general hiſtory of language, theſe *phonological* extracts are of little ſervice: they ſeem to be miſplaced in this work, which the majority of purchaſers will wiſh to have been confined to mere typographical ſpecimens. They interrupt the ſucceſſion of engraven alphabets, and, with the authorities and explanations, occupy above half of the volume—as ſeveral of the right-hand pages contain only four or five lines. See p. 97, 129, 137, 259, 263, 269, 271, 273, 277, 295, &c.; and as moſt of the phonological extracts may be found in the *Oratio Dominica*, we fear that many will conſider this work at its preſent price as extremely dear.

We muſt, however, acknowledge that we are much pleaſed with the preface to this volume, which contains curious information and uſeful remarks; and we do not heſitate to declare our opinion, founded on the ingenuity and induſtry exhibited in this publication, that, if the typographic art be ſtill capable of improvement, few perſons are better qualified than Mr. Fry to bring it to perfection.

The Annual Anthology. Volume I. 1799. *8vo.* 6*s. Boards.* Longman *and* Rees.

WE underſtand that Mr. Southey, an indefatigable and ſucceſsful votary of the Muſes, is the editor of this poetical

volume. After mentioning, as an apology for the undertaking, that similar collections have long been known on the continent, and that in Germany 'Schiller and Voss each edite one at present,' he observes,

'Of the poems contained in this volume, none have appeared in any regular form. Many have been printed in the Morning-Post. Many are now first published: and, with the exception of one piece only, all have been transmitted to the editor by their respective authors.' *Advertisement.*

The poems, as may be expected in a collection of the kind, possess various degrees of merit. Some of them do not rise above mediocrity. The volume, however, contains much easy versification, and many traits of genuine poetry. The comparison in the following little poem is rather quaint; but we extract it for its novelty and its moral.

'THE HOLLY-TREE. BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I.

'O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheists sophistries.

II.

'Below, a circling fence, its leaves ars seen
Wrinkled and keen,
No grazing cattle thro' their prickly round
Can reach to wound,
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

III.

'I love to view these things with curious eyes
And moralize;
And in the wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after-time.

IV.

'So, tho' abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

V.

‘ And ſhould my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harſhneſs ſhow,
All vain aſperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the ſmooth temper of my age ſhould be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

VI.

‘ And as when all the ſummer trees are ſeen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeleſs hues diſplay
Leſs bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we ſee
What then ſo chearful as the holly tree?

VII.

‘ So ſerious ſhould my youth appear among
The thoughtleſs throng,
So would I ſeem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as chearful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.’ P. 14.

The ſtanzas ‘ to the burnie bee’ are elegant, and will intereſt thoſe who, in the gay innocence of childhood, have ſported with that pretty inſect.

‘ TO THE BURNIE * BEE.

‘ Blythe ſon of ſummer, furl thy filmy wing,
Alight beſide me on this bank of moſs;
Yet to its ſides the lingering ſhadows cling,
And ſparkling dews the dark-green tufts imboss.

‘ Here may'ſt thou freely quaff the nectar'd ſweet
That in the violet's purple chalice hides,
Here on the lily ſcent thy fringed feet,
Or with the wild-thymes balm anoint thy ſides.

‘ Back o'er thy ſhoulders throw thoſe ruby ſhards
With many a tiny coal-black freckle deckt,
My watchful look thy loitering ſaunter guards,
My ready hand thy footſtep ſhall protect.

‘ Daunted by me beneath this trembling bough
On forked wing no greedy ſwallow ſails,
No hopping ſparrow pries for food below,
Nor ever lurks, nor duſky blindworm trails.

* A provincial name of the beetle *coccinella*, or lady-bird.

'Nor ſhall the ſwarthy gaoler for thy way
His gate of twinkling threads ſucceſsful ſtrain,
With venom'd trunk thy writhing members ſlay,
Or from thy heart the reeking life's-blood drain.

'Forego thy wheeling in the ſunny air
Thy glancing to the envious inſects round,
To the dim calmneſs of my bower repair,
Silence and Coolneſs keep its hallowed ground.

'Here to the elves who ſleep in flowers by day
Thy ſofteſt hum in lulling whiſpers pour,
Or o'er the lovely band thy ſhield diſplay
When blue-eyed twilight ſheds her dewy ſhower.

'So ſhall the fairy-train by glow-worm light
With rainbow tints thy folding pennons fret,
Thy ſcaly breaſt in deeper azure dight,
Thy burniſh'd armour ſpeck with gloſſier jet.

'With viewleſs fingers weave thy wintry tent,
And line with goſſamer thy pendant cell,
Safe in the rift of ſome lone ruin pent
Where ivy ſhelters from the *ſtorm-wind* fell.

'Bleſt if like thee I cropt with heedleſs ſpoil
The gifts of youth and pleaſure in their bloom,
Doom'd for no coming winter's want to toil,
Fit for the ſpring that waits beyond the tomb.' P. 64.

In the word diſtinguiſhed by italics the writer has adopted the German compound *ſturmwind.* The Germans (optat ephippia bos) affect to compare their language with the Greek for the facility of compounding terms: we do not approve, however, theſe experiments of adoption in an Engliſh writer, where ſimple words of equal ſignificancy and energy can be commanded.

Though Dr. Johnſon's noble and elegant ſtanzas to Friendſhip may be recollected by our readers, they will not peruſe the following lines without emotions of pleaſure.

'THE AFFECTIONATE HEART. BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

'Let the great man, his treaſures poſſeſſing,
Pomp and ſplendour for ever attend:
I prize not the ſhadowy bleſſing,
I aſk—the affectionate friend.

'Tho' foibles may ſometimes o'ertake him,
His footſtep from wiſdom depart;
Yet, my ſpirit ſhall never forſake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

'Affection! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state:
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait?

'What is Fame, bidding Envy defiance,
The idol and bane of mankind;
What is wit, what is learning, or science,
To the heart that is stedfast and kind?

'Even Genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze;
But Affection, mild planet of night!
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

'It shall thrive when the flattering forms
That encircle creation decay;
It shall live mid the wide-wasting storms,
That bear all undistinguish'd away.

'When Time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base;
It shall last till the wreck of the *mind*.' P. 83.

We insert an eclogue as a successful specimen of the author's talent in using a familiar vehicle of sympathy and instruction, without falling into that prosaic flatness which is frequently the consequence of such attempts.

'ECLOGUE, BY ROBERT SOUTHEY. THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

'*James.* What Gregory! you are come I see to join us
On this sad business.
'*Gregory.* Aye, James, I am come,
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man!
Where shall we meet the corpse?
'*James.* Some hour from hence;
By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave!
This morning when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismally before.
'*Gregory.* Well, well! my friend—

'Tis what we all must come too, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life,
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years!—

' *James.* And then the family
Extinguish'd in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone!
A name that has gone down from sire to son
So many generations!—many a time
Poor master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child, would come to me and lead me
To the great family tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors,
Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry
Who fought at Crecy in king Edward's wars;
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

' *Gregory.* This comes of your great schools
And college breeding. Plague upon his guardians
That would have made him wiser than his fathers!

' *James.* If his poor father, Gregory! had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book-learning, but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died
There was not a dry eye for miles around.
Gregory, I thought that I could never know
A sadder day than that: but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow?

' *Gregory.* I remember
Eight months ago, when the young squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martins nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof,—aye! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

' *James.* Poor young man! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family!
Come Candlemas, and I have been their servant
For five and forty years. I lived with them
When his good father brought my lady home,
And when the young squire was born, it did me good
To hear the bells so merrily announce
An heir. This is indeed a heavy blow—
I feel it Gregory, heavier than the weight

Of threefcore years. He was a noble lad,
I loved him dearly.

‘ *Gregory.* Every body loved him,
Such a fine, generous, open-hearted youth!
When he came home from fchool at holydays,
How I rejoiced to fee him! he was fure
To come and afk of me what birds there were
About my fields; and when I found a covey,
There's not a tefty fquire preferves his game
More charily, than I have kept them fafe
For mafter Edward. And he look'd fo well
Upon a fine fharp morning after them,
His brown hair frofted, and his cheek fo flufh'd
With fuch a wholefome ruddinefs!—ah James
But he was fadly changed when he came down
To keep his birth-day.

‘ *James.* Changed! why Gregory,
'Twas like a palfy to me, when he ftepp'd
Out of the carriage. He was grown fo thin,
His cheek fo delicate fallow, and his eyes
Had fuch a dim and rakifh hollownefs;
And when he came to fhake me by the hand
And fpoke as kindly to me as he ufed,
I hardly knew the voice.

‘ *Gregory.* It ftruck a damp
On all our merriment. 'Twas a noble ox
That fmoak'd before us, and the old October
Went merrily in overflowing cans;
But 'twas a fkin-deep merriment. My heart
Seem'd as it took no fhare. And when we drank
His health, the thought came over me what caufe
We had for wifhing that, and fpoilt the draught.
Poor gentleman! to think ten months ago
He came of age—and now!

‘ *James.* I fear'd it then,
He look'd to me as one that was not long
For this world's bufinefs.

‘ *Gregory.* When the doctor fent him
Abroad to try the air, it made me certain
That all was over. There's but little hope
Methinks that foreign parts can help a man
When his own mother-country will not do.
The laft time he came down, thefe bells rung fo
I thought they would have rock'd the old fteeple down;
And now that difmal toll! I would have ftaid
Beyond its reach, but this was a laft duty,
I am an old tenant of the family,
Born on the eftate, and now that I've out-lived it,—

Why, 'tis but right to see it to the grave.
Have you heard aught of the new squire!
'*James*. But little,
And that not well. But be he what he may
Matters not much to me. The love I bore
To the good family will not easily fix
Upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
Is it not the funeral?
'*Gregory*. 'Tis, I think, some horsemen.
Aye! there are the black cloaks: and now I see
The white plumes on the herse.
'*James*. Between the trees;—
'Tis hid behind them now.
'*Gregory*. Aye! now we see it,
And there's the coaches following, we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over!
I wonder whose turn's next!
'*James*. God above knows!
When youth is summon'd what must age expect!
God make us ready Gregory! when it comes.' P. 165.

These are natural feelings, expressed in natural language; but there are some pieces in this collection, such as the poem on a goose, a pig, a filberd, &c. which have neither the humorous pomp of burlesque, nor the easy charm of nature: we suspect them to be the *condescending* relaxations of some geniuses from higher flights; but we advise the authors to be cautious in attempting 'to cultivate barrenness, and paint upon vacuity.'

There are several legendary tales, which in point of versification have more merit than the attempts in the Flemish style. Too much, however, of superstitious terror is introduced into the machinery; and we think that the poetical talent might be more judiciously employed than in embalming the ridiculous fictions of dark times.

The volume terminates with some 'passages, extracted from imitative "Verses on Alexander's Expedition down the Hydaspes, and the Indus, to the Indian Ocean," printed in 1792, but not published.'—The versatile genius of the author, Dr. Beddoes, claims admiration. The verses, indeed, have not all the chastity and polish which labour might have bestowed; but there are several passages that combine the vigour of Dryden with the harmony of Pope. As, however, we have already extended this article beyond our first intention, and cannot do justice to the poet without a long extract, we must decline quotation from the piece.

The editor, in his advertisement, intimates an intention of publishing annually a similar volume.

Thoughts on the English Government. Addressed to the Quiet Good Sense of the People of England. In a Series of Letters. Letter the Second. 8vo. 4s. *sewed.* Wright. 1799.

A Brief Vindication of the Rights of the British Legislature; in Answer to some Positions advanced in a Pamphlet, intitled, "Thoughts on the English Government, Letter the Second." By Richard Wooddeson, D. C. L. &c. 8vo. 1s. Payne. 1799.

Thoughts on the English Government. Addressed to the Quiet Good Sense of the People of England. In a Series of Letters. Letter the Third. 8vo. 2s. Wright. 1799.

WE freely confess that we are of the number of those who wish that every thing may be discussed. Agreeably to this principle of free discussion, we are not sorry that Mr. Reeves steps forward to vindicate himself after the proceedings against him; and, although we do not find it necessary to retract any part of our opinion * respecting his abilities or his reasoning, we must pronounce his subject to be important, not merely on account of the question which he agitates, but as it leads to the examination of the fundamental principles of government in general, and of our own constitution in particular. Our author sets out upon the maxim of lawyers, that 'the form of pleading is evidence of the law;' and, applying this maxim to the question, he infers that, as in all pleadings the two houses of parliament are called the king's parliament, the parliament depends upon the king, is his creature, and at his disposal. This inference will carry us very far; for all people are called the king's people: are we then to conclude that they live through his favor, and that he has a right to dispose of them as he pleases? All the lands in the kingdom are holden mediately or immediately from the king: are they then *his* lands, at *his* disposal, dependent upon *his* sovereign pleasure? One of the doctors of the Sorbonne once held this doctrine to Louis the XIVth; but he found it as false as the English king found the declaration of his courtiers to be, that at his bidding the waves of the sea would retire in reverence!

Our author endeavours to prove that the English government is a simple monarchy; that the monarch creates the two houses of parliament; that the people, destitute of all claim to sovereignty, appoint no part of the legislature; that the king might, as some kings have done in this country, rule *without* any parliament, and yet violate no law; finally, that the king is at once, and solely, the maker and executor of the laws.

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* See our XVIIth Vol. New Arr. p. 93.

Let no reader be startled at these hypotheses, from thinking that this power ought not to belong to the king of England; for the questions are those of *fact*, of what is, not of what ought to be. To prove the points which he wishes to establish, our author quotes many grave opinions, those of judge Hale and others, and seems very much to rely upon the form and words of the statutes or acts of parliament, which are always said to be enacted by the king, by and with the advice and consent of *his* parliament. These proofs are not of slight importance and validity, and ought to be received with due attention; but advice and *consent* suppose something more than advice, and those who consent may be considered as *partners in the firm*. It must be admitted, however, that the king's power is more displayed in the wording of the statutes of the realm, as if he were not the sole, but the most important and worthy member of the government.

As the author has discarded, or at least has not brought forward, the old and convenient plea of divine right, the discussion leads us immediately to the question of the origin of government. *It must be from heaven or of men*, of divine or of human institution. Now as it is not pretended to be immediately from God, it must be either the instrument of the people, or the rod of a tyrant. It must either be a given and delegated authority, or an authority assumed and usurped. It must be either an act of power or intrigue against and over the people, or something conferred by them to be used for their protection and benefit. If we appeal to the history of England, it will perhaps be easy to prove, that our government originated in *conquest*; that it was, according to our author, *once* a simple and absolute monarchy; that it remains to this day with much of its original form and power, but that the struggles of the people during the two last centuries have produced a slight alteration in this government, and given it something popular and representative. The people appear to us, in some measure, to share in the government; and, by denying this *in toto*, we suspect that the author has pushed his theory too far. To establish his point, however, he has appealed very liberally to the records of law, but less to history.

It seems to be no part of his theory that the English government is an *hereditary* monarchy: if he can prove it to be an absolute or simple monarchy, he seems indifferent about its hereditary succession. Perhaps he was driven to this by the unpleasant facts in our history, which exhibit frequent changes in the succession—changes which are sometimes the effects of violence and murder.

He contends, however, that in no change did the people or the parliament, either for itself or for the people, constitute or appoint a king; for he maintains that on all occasions the

reigning monarch, after a change, either *made himself* or was made by some *other king*. This is curious doctrine, equal to any mystery of the Athanasian creed.

On a memorable occasion, the events of which he would bend to his theory, let us hear him speak for himself.

'The position, that a king of England, in case he does not come in by descent, is made by himself, or by some other king, ought to startle nobody, when it is considered, that a settlement of the crown has no force, unless it is made in parliament; and the king being the maker of the law, as has been proved, he must of course make the limitation and settlement of the crown, whether upon himself or upon others: further, in order to such parliamentary settlement, where the descent is interrupted, there must be previously an acceptance and assumption of the crown. The accessions of Henry IV. of Henry VII. and of William III. all proceed upon this principle. The following is a short history of the last of these transactions, as taken from the Bill of Rights. It appears that king James having abdicated the government, and the throne being thereby vacant, the prince of Orange, by the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, and divers principal persons of the commons, caused letters to be written to the lords spiritual and temporal, being protestants, and to the counties, cities, and boroughs, to meet at Westminster, on the 22d of January, in order to an establishment; at which meeting they resolve on thirteen points which they call the subjects' rights; and expressing a confidence that the prince will perfect the deliverance so far advanced by him, they resolve that he and the princess be and be declared king and queen, and pray them to accept the crown, upon which their majesties did accept the same, and they thus reigned, as the statute expresses it, on the throne of their ancestors. Thereupon their majesties were pleased that the lords and commons being the two houses of parliament, should continue to sit, to which they agreed. The throne thus being full, and the parliament legalized, at a subsequent day the above transaction is recited in the statute, since called the bill of rights, and the lords and commons pray his majesty that for the ratifying and confirming all that had been done, by the force of a law made in due form by authority of parliament, it may be enacted, that the crown and regal government shall be and continue to their majesties; the said lords and commons, in the name of the people, submitting themselves, their heirs and posterity, to them for ever: all which was by their majesties, by the authority of parliament, declared, enacted, and established.

'Now, according to my understanding, no part of these transactions, previous to the enactment in parliament, can be considered as conferring the crown, unless it is the *acceptance* by the prince and princess. The framers of the statute seem to have been of that opinion, for immediately upon that they drop the title of prince and

princess, and use that of their majesties. Indeed, if they had not the crown by their own acceptance and assumption, I know not how they could have it; for the lords and commons, who prayed them to accept it, might indeed so pray, and so might any other body or bodies of men in the kingdom; but they had no power to give, to constitute, or appoint; they were only lords and commons, assembled at Westminster, and are only so named in the statute, not the lords and commons in parliament assembled; and, indeed, if they had been so, they had, by the constitution, no right to give the crown.

'It follows, therefore, as the lords and commons could only tender, not confer, give, or constitute, it was the acceptance and assumption which made the prince of Orange king; he was thus in a situation to legalise the parliament, and make himself king, by authority of that parliament. This proceeding was taken as a model, in statute 6 Ann. c. 7. which, as has been observed, makes it penal to declare any opinion, that the king cannot limit and dispose of the crown with the authority of parliament.

'There is not a trace of any thing like election in this proceeding; a king of England comes in upon a higher title; his power is too great to be conferred by the hands of his subjects; yet too dignified to obtrude itself without the invitation and tender of a free people; and too mild to enforce its establishment but by the advice, consent, and authority, of his parliament.

'The document upon which I proceed is the bill of rights; its principles, its language, I have all along adhered to, and shall continue so to do; it gives a firm footing for establishing monarchy, and for exposing all the fashionable notions that are vented as revolution-principles. I have, in my former letter, recommended the reading of this valuable statute; and yet I dare say, notwithstanding the reasons I have urged, there are not now ten persons in the whig club who ever read the Bill of Rights from the beginning to the end. I do not wonder such persons represent me as a tory, when they do not know upon what principles they ought to be whigs.' P. 164.

Now it unquestionably appears from this short history of transactions at the Revolution, that there *was an election* of the king by the two houses of parliament; or, if no election occurred, as the author says, the king *seised* the crown, and could not be said to *accept* it; for that is not *accepted* which is not the *gift* of any, and which no one has a right to confer. William was therefore either an *usurper* or a king by election; for an usurper is no other than a man who seises that power to which he has no *national* or *legal* claim. Such was the case of William, unless we admit that he was elected by parliament. Such was the case of Anne, unless we previously admit the validity of William's election; and such are the cases of the successors of Anne. But our author has only one ob-

ject, which is to exclude any right of the people, though he can admit without scruple the *right* of usurpation; for no other right had the kings who, he says, *made themselves*, and murdered their predecessors.

It must be admitted, however, that the king-makers in the time of William appear to be as unwilling as our author to acknowledge any right in the people; and their vile and contemptible quibbling, the consequence of such reluctance, gives a colour to his strange theory. It must also, we think, be conceded to our author, that monarchy is not the creature of the people, and that the histories of European monarchies rise in proof of his assertion. All that we contend for, in opposition to Mr. Reeves, *is this*, that the monarchy of England, originally despotical, absolute, and simple, as he says, has, through the lapse of time, and the struggles of the people, become mixed and complicated as to its powers, and *at present* exhibits a little, or has at least exhibited a little, of the power of the people in legislation. It is justice to our author also to admit, that whilst he contends that the theory of our government is a simple and absolute monarchy, he wishes it practically to continue as it is, with the forms and usages of parliamentary sanction; for, he says, *all is now right in this country, and he would have nothing altered.* We believe him to be sincere in this declaration; for he possesses some *sinecures*, and looks up for additional grants. Like most theorists, Mr. Reeves pushes his theory to extremes; and, like his opponent major Cartwright, he errs *in bending facts to his wishes.* Still the speculation is commendable, the research liberal, and the agitation of the question useful. We therefore make no apology for having dwelt so long upon the production of an author who has been thought worthy of the notice of parliament: indeed, if his theory were true, parliament is worthy of no notice.

We cannot take our leave of Mr. Reeves for the present without censuring his arrogant and contemptuous behaviour toward men of superior learning, talents, and character. We refer him for instruction to a book which he affects to value: 'Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips.'

In the second of the three pamphlets particularised at the beginning of this article, the Vinerian professor fully refutes the hypothesis of Mr. Reeves, even from the authorities adduced by the latter, and shows that, as a writer, Mr. R. is not entitled to the praise of the critic, or to the esteem of his countrymen. He contends that the very words of the acts of parliament oppose the conclusion of that author, as they express that each law is enacted not only by and with the advice and consent of parliament, but by the authority of that body. He has not entered deeply into the history of our government,

but he has ſaid enough to convince every one of the errors of Mr. Reeves, if, indeed, any perſon ſhould *ſeriouſly* take the trouble of ſtudying his letters, and ſhould for a moment conceive him to be in the right.

The third pamphlet is a letter, chiefly employed in replying to Dr. Wooddeſon's Vindication. After what we have ſaid of Mr. Reeves' firſt and ſecond letters, it is unneceſſary to enlarge upon this. We have never, indeed, in the courſe of our labours, met with ſo contemptible a reply; and we find it difficult to perſuade ourſelves that Mr. Reeves conſiders what he has here produced as in any reſpect concluſive againſt the ſolid, though haſty, remarks of the Oxonian profeſſor.—If Mr. Reeves have any intelligent friends, they will certainly adviſe him to make this third his *laſt* letter; for he gathers no ſtrength as he proceeds in his work. He ſeems delighted in having found an opponent, and at this we are not aſtoniſhed; for it is really ſurpriſing to us that any one ſhould think his letters worthy of a ſerious reply. He who does, we ſuſpect, does more than their author. He has found a reward, and let him be contented; for as a writer he will obtain no fame. He ſays that he has found Dr. Wooddeſon's aſſault *telum imbelle ſine ictu*. If that be the caſe, we pity him; for it proves him to have no feeling. We have reaſon to think that the doctor will return the compliment to his adverſary; and we ſhall only add our opinion, that Mr. Reeves ſecretly laughs at the weakneſs of his diſciples, and enjoys the comfort of being able ſo eaſily to delude mankind.

Epitome of the ancient Hiſtory of Perſia. Extracted and tranſlated from the Jehan Ara, a Perſian Manuſcript, by W. Ouſeley, Eſq. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Cadell *and* Davies. 1799.

WE cannot better introduce our remarks on this work than in the words of the editor himſelf, who, with that modeſt judgement which generally accompanies ability, thus ſpeaks of it in his preface.

'This little work preſents itſelf to the publick without any affectation of intrinſick importance, and merely as the herald of another; yet the orientaliſt and antiquary may be pleaſed to ſee, for the firſt time, an Epitome of Perſian Annals, in the original language of a native hiſtorian.' P. i.

Of the fidelity of the tranſlation, our own acquaintance with the original enables us to decide with certainty; and therefore we aſſure our readers that this, like every other which major Ouſeley has offered to the public in his Aſiatic Miſcellanies

and Oriental Collections (works highly useful to students of the Arabic and Persian), is faithfully exact as to matter, and as literal as our language will allow, so as to spare a correct ear the pain of harsh and ill-adjusted periods. We offer the following extract, as a test of the impartiality of our opinion, to our readers in general, and to orientalists in particular.

'Khosru—the son of Hormuz; he was surnamed Parviz, or the victorious. In his time the prophet, to whom be peace! entered on his divine mission; the holy personage invited the king to the true faith, which he rejected, tearing in pieces the letter (of Mohammed). And Persia, from his magnificence, and the superabundance of all necessaries, arrived at the summit of its glory. It is said, among other matters, that he constantly kept in his palace fifteen thousand female musicians, six thousand household officers, twenty thousand five hundred horses and mules for the saddle and for baggage; also nine hundred and sixty elephants. Whenever he rode forth, two hundred persons attended him, scattering perfumes on every side, whilst a thousand sekabers (water-carriers) sprinkled with water the roads which he was to pass. Among the works of ingenuity which he possessed, was a certain cup, in which the quantity of water was never diminished, how much soever a person drank of it; also an (expanded) hand of ivory, which, whenever a child was born to him, being immersed in water, closed and exhibited the conjunction of stars presiding at the infant's birth, and thus the horoscope was known: he had likewise a piece of pure gold, pliable and soft as wax; also a napkin, which, when soiled, and thrown into the fire, became clean. In his time, white elephants brought forth young ones in Persia. What person, in harmonious powers, resembles his musician Barbud? or, who in beauty is equal to his mistress Shireen? At last, in the seventh hour of the night, on Tuesday the tenth of Jemad-al-awul, the seventh year of the Hegira, he was slain by the hand of his son, Shirouieh.' P. 59.

Any further extracts from this epitome would encroach too much on its pages, which are professedly only a summary of the contents of a much larger work now in preparation. Major Ouseley informs us that the promised work will comprise

'An introductory essay on the study of Persian history, antiquities, and romance.

'A descriptive catalogue of the manuscripts which have furnished materials for the work.

'That section of the Leb al Towarikh which contains the ancient history of Persia, from Caiumuras to Yezdejerd; given in the original Persian, with an English translation on the opposite pages.

'The Illustrations, &c. in which are collected from all the manuscripts before enumerated, the various traditions and anecdotes of

each king's reign; collated with thoſe preſerved in the Old Teſtament, and in the works of Greek and Latin writers; chronological, geographical, and philological obſervations, &c.

'An Appendix, conſiſting of ſeveral miſcellaneous articles, chronological tables, extracts from rare and ancient manuſcripts, remarks on the antiquities of Perſepolis, examination of Zend and Pehlavi manuſcripts, funeral rites, fire worſhip, Manichean and Mazdakian hereſies, archery and horſemanſhip of the Perſians, muſick, painting, ſculpture, veſtiges of Hebrew and Greek in the Perſian language, &c.

'Such are the outlines of my future work, which, if I can judge by the materials already collected, will form two large quarto volumes, each containing at leaſt 400 pages, beſides maps and views, plates of inſcriptions, medals and gems, engraved alphabets of ancient characters, and ſpecimens of writing, fac ſimiles from miniatures in manuſcripts, &c.

'I ſhall not here enumerate the Greek and Latin works which I have examined and collated; but I muſt acknowledge my frequent obligations to the authors of Hebrew Scripture,—obligations, indeed, more frequent than thoſe can poſſibly imagine who have only ſkimmed the ſurface of oriental literature, or plucked its flowers without gathering the fruits: I was myſelf ſurpriſed to find the moſt ancient and authentic of the Perſian hiſtorians, prove, unconſciouſly, no deſpicable commentators on the Bible.' P. xxxi.

We heartily wiſh the author ſucceſs in ſo arduous an undertaking, as, from the notices which he has given in the preface to this volume of his collected materials, we are led to hope for much uſeful information and entertainment.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

POLITICS, &c.

Memoir of the Operations of the Army of the Danube, under the Command of General Jourdan, 1799. Taken from the Manuſcripts of that Officer. Tranſlated from the French. 8vo. 4s. Debrett. 1799.

GENERAL Jourdan, in modeſt and unaffected language, but with becoming ſpirit and zeal, here details the operations of the troops under his command, and, from real memorials, proves that they did all that it was poſſible for them to do, without ſupport from the government, with ſcanty proviſions, few horſes, and inadequate num-

bers. It appears from this memoir that the plan of the campaign of the year 1799 was formed by Jourdan, and that the directory acted according to his advice in the arrangement of military operations, but wholly deserted him in the complement of troops and necessary accommodations. When he found that he could not obtain from the government the requisite force, he seems to have wished to decline the attack of the Austrians; but the *command* of the directory appealed to the courage and silenced the wisdom of the general, and he met the enemy in the field when nearly *double his numbers* opposed him. The military skill and courage displayed on this occasion have been greatly admired. Jourdan maintained his ground, brought off his troops, and slept on the field of battle, after engaging one hundred and twenty thousand men, with only sixty-six thousand.

The general loudly exclaims against the perfidy of the directory, and the minister of war, and even imputes to them the *design* of ruining him and his army.

The corruption of Scherer is now generally acknowledged; and few will doubt that he would sacrifice any army and any cause to his avarice. The contractors, also, are proved, by the general, to have been mere vulgar plunderers, and to have filled their own pockets at the risque of the destruction of the armies; but whether the members of the directory were equally guilty, or were only *weak*, is a question which time must determine. Whatever opinion the reader may form of the French government, whether he be inclined to ascribe its desertion of Jourdan to weakness, inability, or wickedness, the authenticity of the several memorials here given, which were from time to time presented by the general to the government, must be questioned or invalidated, before any blame can be imputed to the commander in chief, who, if the account here given be not grossly false, merits the praise due to a skilful general and a gallant soldier.

A fair Representation of the present Political State of Ireland, &c. By Patrick Duigenan, LL.D. 8vo. 4*s*. 6*d*. Wright. 1799.

There are few men in this country to whom the virulence of Dr. Duigenan, as a writer, is unknown. Whether he argues or declaims, he writes in a style of vehemence and outrage which would disgrace even the *canaille*. His great object in this large pamphlet is to show that all commiseration for the sufferings of the Irish catholics is misplaced, the effect of ignorance or prejudice; for (hear, reader, and attend!) the catholics of Ireland are most prosperous and happy, enjoying all the privileges and benefits of men and citizens!

Poor Burke (for the rich eloquence of Mr. Burke consecrates not his memory in the opinion of the tasteless Duigenan) is most unmercifully handled by this doctor, as if he had formed the design (and had done all in his power to carry it into execution) of over-

turning the proteſtant conſtitution of Ireland, and of eſtabliſhing popery in that kingdom.

We have been informed that this proteſtant zealot was himſelf educated a catholic. If this information be correct, we ought not to be ſurpriſed that he is ambitious of diſplaying the zeal of a new convert; but we muſt ſay in his caſe, as in all ſimilar caſes, that it is zeal without knowledge.

Mr. Burke was certainly no enemy to proteſtantiſm *where it was eſtabliſhed.* It was his principle to regard every eſtabliſhed religion as the beſt for the country in which he found it: his object was not to overturn but to perpetuate eſtabliſhments. It was likely that he ſhould regard popery with complacency; for he had obſerved it to be the happy inſtrument of civil rule, favorable to what he deemed the neceſſary ſubordination of ſociety.

We have read this pamphlet with a pure ſentiment of diſguſt; and we believe that many a benevolent man, if ſuch read it at all, will read it with abhorrence, as the production of a zealot deſtitute of humanity, tending to harden the heart againſt a ſet of men preſſed down to the earth, who have every claim to attention and relief. This, with regard to them, was the ſentiment of Mr. Burke, a man whoſe mind embraced the whole of every ſubject, and whoſe eloquence, when humanity was his theme, would have charmed barbarians to compaſſion.

The Dutch Expedition vindicated; with brief Obſervations on the Emigrants. To which is added, a Poſtſcript, containing the Supplement to the Account of the Armiſtice concluded between his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York and General Brune. 8vo. 1s. Stockdale. 1799.

This author contends that the failure of the Dutch expedition is no proof that the plan was formed without wiſdom or executed without vigour. This poſition, in the abſtract, muſt be granted. He contends that the cauſes of its failure were unforeſeen and contingent. This may be queſtioned. Some of the apparent cauſes of its failure might have been foreſeen. The ſeaſon of the year, the ſtate of the country, the neutrality of the inhabitants, the want of accommodations mentioned by the commander in chief, were not ſimple contingencies.

The Dutch expedition appears to us to be incapable of defence; but we are perſuaded that no blame can attach itſelf to the Engliſh army, as deficient in activity or courage. Our opinion of the ſcheme receives no refutation from this pamphlet, which, as it is written without extent of information or ſagacity of remark, will be read without intereſt.

RELIGION.

An Apology for the Disbelief of revealed Religion: being a Sequel to Sober and serious Reasons for Scepticism, &c. By John Hollis, Esq. 8vo. 1799.

A doubt has been raised whether a person, after serious examination of the scriptures, can deny the truth of Christianity; but, in this work, a gentleman of some respectability comes forward, avows his disbelief of revealed religion, and makes an apology for his conduct. We think that he is to be pitied for the side which he has taken; and he may in return consider us as objects of his compassion: but the true Christian will perhaps allow to him the same right to make an apology for disbelieving, that a justly celebrated bishop has assumed for believing in revealed religion. We must, however, add that we see little novelty in this apology. The objections adduced against religion are such as have repeatedly been urged, and, in our opinion, repeatedly answered. Sometimes the writer seems to have been carried away by his feelings against Christianity, as when he says, that 'since it prevailed there has existed in the world an evil greater than any that was ever experienced before that religion was known! I mean the African slave trade, carried on by people calling themselves Christians.' We shall only observe that Christianity at its birth found the slave trade established; and that, in some Christian states in which this trade was formerly allowed, it no longer exists. The low estimation also, in which the dealers in human blood and the vindicators of this shameful traffic are holden by a great majority of this nation, is a sufficient proof that Christianity is not to be blamed for the misconduct of those men who, while they profess a belief in it, are acting for the sake of filthy lucre against its most obvious precepts. Christianity, we are convinced, has had a great effect in meliorating the condition of the lower classes; and we cannot permit the remark to pass unnoticed, that it has failed most egregiously as a scheme for reforming the world. That the generality of persons in Christian countries are deficient in Christian duties, cannot be denied: but let the manners of the Christian and the pagan English be compared; and whatever grounds we may have for blaming the former, we cannot deny to them the superiority over the latter. The observations on miracles, on the histories in the Bible supposed to be unworthy of a place in sacred writings, and similar remarks, have been before our readers in our review of the controversy on the Age of Reason. We see no reason for altering our decision; yet we scruple not to join with this writer in the concluding period of his book, and to assert, 'that no one, be his reputation or his merits what they may, is authorised, after having determined for himself, to prescribe the limits for other men, and issue out his prohibitions—thus far shall ye go and no farther.' In matters of religion, each man must stand or

fall before his Creator. It is a ſubject which cannot be brought before a human tribunal by the unprejudiced diſciples of our Saviour.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Dioceſe of Chicheſter, at the primary Viſitation of that Dioceſe, in the Year 1798. *By John Lord Biſhop of Chicheſter.* 4*to.* 1*s.* 6*d.* Robſon. 1799.

The charge of this worthy prelate embraces the chief objects of clerical duty, but dwells more particularly on the neceſſity of the reſidence of the clergyman in his pariſh. This duty is enforced with great earneſtneſs, but not with more than is requiſite. There are cauſes which obſtruct the accompliſhment of the wiſhes of the biſhops in this reſpect: but, if they cannot univerſally enforce their good intentions, it is in their power to give great encouragement to their admonitions. If in beſtowing preferment, whether it be a benefice with cure of ſouls, a ſinecure, or a place in a cathedral, they would make choice of thoſe who had proved themſelves worthy of it by a due performance of parochial duties, there cannot be a doubt that reſidence would be more continued: but when, inſtead of being the reward of ſervices performed, the better preferments are frequently beſtowed on perſons who can ſcarcely be ſaid to have entered the vineyard, a leſs degree of alacrity muſt be expected in the performance of general duties. We ſay this without preſuming to give advice to a prelate who underſtands ſo well the duties of the parochial prieſt.

In tranſcribing the opening of this truly paſtoral charge we ſhall gratify our readers, who, we doubt not, will join with us in the ſincereſt wiſhes that the writer may long continue to be an ornament to the church.

'My reverend brethren, the honour which I have repeatedly had of meeting, in a viſitatorial capacity, a reſpectable part of my fellow-labourers in this dioceſe, I recollect with much ſatisfaction. But I now appear inveſted with another character; a character not very diſſimilar in its nature; yet involving an office, far more ample in its truſt, more extenſive in its reſponſibility, and more arduous in its execution: a ſituation which I owe not to any requeſt or wiſh of my own, but ſolely, by royal indulgence, to the unmerited partiality of a patronage which honours me, and of a friendſhip which commands my acquieſcence: an office which it were impoſſible for me to undertake, without a painful conviction of my own comparative inſufficiency, when I reflect how many there are who would much better become the ſtation, and more creditably diſcharge its important obligations. With the utmoſt anxiety, and moſt apprehenſive diffidence, I enter upon the weighty charge which this character impoſes. Conſcious of my own incompetency to its multiform duties, I tremble at the proſpect of difficulties which preſent themſelves before me. I behold an horizon clouded with care, and trouble, and mortification. Claſhing intereſts, diſcouraged claims,

unsuccessful requests, and indispensable compliances, all advance to pain the pitying but conscientious mind. In this trying and perilous situation, I must rely on the laws of my country for protection; I must solicit my brethren and fellow-workers in the vineyard, for countenance and aid; and, above all, I must fly to the Almighty for his directive providence, and his supporting grace.' P. 7.

An Apology for the Christian Sabbath: in which the Arguments for it are stated, the Objections against it answered, and the proper Manner of spending it enforced. Intended as a Defence of "A Practical View, &c. by W. Wilberforce, Esq." 8vo. 1s. 6d. Palmer. 1799.

The obligation for the observance of one day in the week in a peculiar manner, and the mode of observing that day, have been subjects of controversy for many ages. The obligation is derived from the appropriation of one day, at the creation of the world, by the Supreme Being himself; but the manner of observing it, by a peculiar ordinance to the Jews, is considered as not binding on the Christians. It is certain that the day which the Jews celebrate as their sabbath ceased at an early period to be regarded by the Christians; but it is very difficult, perhaps impossible, to ascertain at what time the Christians transferred to the first day of the week part of the rites which the Jews observed on the last day of the week. We learn from the letter of a celebrated consul, that in his province the Christians were accustomed to meet on the first day before sun-rise to perform religious services; but, as he does not intimate that they abstained from all kinds of work on that day, we have no reason to believe that they regarded it as a sabbath or day of rest. That the observance of the first day as a day of rest has met with much resistance in various parts of the world, is evident from the decrees of emperors, canons of councils, and superstitious inventions of monks upon this subject; and in this island it was with great difficulty accomplished about the thirteenth century. We agree entirely with our author, that we ought not, in this p[illegible] to look for any other guide than the precepts and practice of our Saviour and his apostles; but we must protest against one of his arguments, of which (to say the least) the truth is very disputable.

'Those in general' (he says) 'have been found the best Christians, and the best members of civil society, who have been the most strict and conscientious in sanctifying the sabbath. Whereas, on the other hand, the most irreligious and immoral characters are found among those who entertain the lowest notion of this institution, and who have been accustomed to the greatest liberty in the manner of spending this day.' P. 35.

Unfortunately for this writer, the period celebrated in our history for the strictest observance of this day is that in which, under the

mask of religion, the greatest crimes were committed; and, if it is natural for irreligious or immoral men to neglect all places of public worship on any day, it is certainly true that many persons of the strictest religion and purity of manners allow themselves in some countries to practise what in others would be deemed contrary to good morals. Among the disciples of Calvin, a gloomy moroseness distinguishes this day: the members of the church of England are more liberal: the Lutherans on the continent indulge in amusements with certain restrictions: in catholic countries, the religious ceremonies are as strictly observed during the former as pleasure is pursued in the latter part of the day. Hence perhaps the mode of observing this day ought not to be adduced in proof either of the piety or the impiety of the present professors of Christianity.

In referring to the scriptures as the sole authority in determining this question, the first thing which strikes us is that there is no precept either from our Saviour or his apostles for the observance of a sabbath or day of rest. To the interpretation of the words of Christ on this subject, given by our author, we cannot accede.

'When he tells them, in answer to their cavils, Mark ii. 27, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath, his words naturally convey the idea, that it was appointed not for the Jews only, but for mankind in general, and was equally binding upon his disciples. And the following words, The Son of Man is Lord also of the sabbath, strongly imply, that it was to continue under his lordship or jurisdiction; that he adopted it as one of the institutions of his church, though with such alterations as he thought proper to make in regard to the circumstantials of it.

'It is also to be observed, that our blessed Lord in his various conversations with his disciples, either before his death or after his resurrection from the dead, never gave them the most distant hint that it was his design to abolish the sabbath, as he most probably would have done if that had been the case. Nor do any of them ever express the smallest apprehension, after his ascension, that it was abrogated.' P. 17.

It is very extraordinary that the reason given for a supposed breach of the sabbath should be construed into a precept for keeping it holy. The silence of our Saviour on the abolition of the sabbath is no more an argument for its perpetual observance than his silence on the abolition of circumcision can be a proof that such a ceremony was to endure for ever.

The writer's mode of reasoning on other texts of scripture is equally unsatisfactory: but, though he leaves the subject open for farther discussion, we highly approve the seriousness with which he has conducted his argument; and, without presuming to decide on so important a question, we shall only intimate to those who are drawing the lines of restraint still closer on this day, that they would do well to make the proper allowances for the manners of every

country, and that there is perhaps more danger to be apprehended in our iſland from too ſtrict than from too lax an obſervance of the Sunday. The reſtraints which the legiſlature has either laid down or acquieſced in, for the greater part of this century, ſeem wiſely adapted for general advantage; and individuals being at their full liberty to obſerve the day in a more ſtrict or lax manner, are not to be cenſured if they do not in either way offend againſt public decorum.

A Sermon preached in the Chapel in his Majeſty's Dock-Yard, at Portſmouth, on Thurſday the 29th of November, 1798, being the Day appointed by his Majeſty's royal Proclamation for a general Thankſgiving to Almighty God, for the late glorious Victory obtained by his Majeſty's Ships of War under the Command of Rear Admiral Lord Nelſon of the Nile, &c. &c. By the Rev. Tufton Charles Scott, S. C. L. &c. 4*to.* 1*s.* Cadell *and* Davies.

We have ſeldom met with a more flimſy compoſition. The ſtyle is looſe, yet affected; and the ideas are deſultory. The *lucidus ordo*, the *ſimplex duntaxat et unum*, are in vain ſought by the reader of this diſcourſe.

In the dedication to earl Spencer, Mr. Scott admits, that, 'having ſpent the greater part of his life in the active ſervice of his country, in a profeſſion whoſe duties and habits were not congenial to ſtudy, he can have no pretenſions to literary acquirement, nor can the diſcourſe in queſtion have any merit of that kind.'

This being fairly acknowledged, why did he expoſe his defects by the publication of a ſermon which would better have been confined to the chapel in his majeſty's dock-yard, at Portſmouth?

A Sermon preached before the Honourable Houſe of Commons, at the Church of St. Margaret, Weſtminſter, on Wedneſday, February 27, 1799, being the Day appointed by his Majeſty's Royal Proclamation, to be obſerved as a Day of ſolemn Faſting and Humiliation. By the Rev. Thomas Hay, D. D. &c. 4*to.* 1*s.* Walter. 1799.

The miſery of the French is contraſted with the proſperity of the Britiſh empire: the war is aſſerted to be juſt and neceſſary; the means which we have employed are repreſented as warrantable, and the diſpoſitions excited by events highly proſperous, it is ſaid, 'became us as men and Chriſtians.' Some queſtions are then aſked on the religious conduct of individuals in theſe trying times; and the pernicious principles which led the way for the deſtruction of the throne and the altar in France receive proper animadverſion.

Preſentation of Colours, by Mrs. William Garrett, to the Royal Garriſon Volunteers, under the Command of Major William Garrett. A Sermon, preached in the Garriſon Chapel, Portſmouth, Wedneſday, May 29, 1799. By the Rev. John Davies. 4*to.* 1*s.* No Publiſher's Name.

Upon a ſubject ſo trite, and an occaſion which has now become

so common, we can hardly expect to find in a discourse any thing novel or discriminating. If in that of Mr. Davies there is nothing to excite our particular admiration, we at the same time acknowledge, that we do not find the *jejune* observations, or perceive the inflated style, which on some similar occasions have excited our animadversion. Prefixed to the sermon is a prayer, consisting chiefly of scriptural sentences; and, at the close of the whole, we have the address of Mrs. Garrett on presenting the colours, and the major's answer, both of which are expressed in appropriate and energetic language.

LAW.

A Treatise upon the Law of Legacies, by R. S. Donnison Roper, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 8vo. 4s. 6d. *Boards.* Butterworth. 1799.

In the present cultivated state of society, legacies form an important and extensive part of the jurisdiction of our tribunals of equity; and, as almost every other branch of the law has been distinctly treated, it is surprising that this was not, before Mr. Roper's attempt, made the subject of a separate publication. This writer has supplied the *desideratum*; and, in the following observations, he briefly mentions the motive and the plan of his undertaking.

'It has been the author's endeavour, in the following pages, to collect most of the cases determined upon personal bequests, and to extract from them principles (so far as the subject from its nature is capable of being reduced to principles, or positive rules) which may be applied in similar circumstances.

'In order to avoid prolixity, references are only given to the cases, except in a few instances where a statement of the substance or material parts of them appeared necessary to illustrate the reasons upon which they were determined. The principal part of this treatise is compiled from notes collected during the author's course of reading as a student; he has been induced to add to, methodize, and publish them, under the idea that, as no book within his recollection has fully and singly treated upon the subject, the present undertaking might not be altogether unserviceable to the profession.'

The author speaks modestly of his work, which deserves to be praised as an accurate and able treatise on a subject of much professional importance and general concern.

Case upon the Will, of the late Peter Thellusson, Esq. By Francis Vesey, Jun. Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. 4to. 5s. Brooke.

Our opinion relative to this case has been already incidentally delivered in the review of the second volume of Mr. Hargrave's 'Juridical Arguments*.' In this report by Mr. Vesey, we find a

* See our XXVIth Vol. New Arr. p. 166.

correct and well-digested statement of the arguments at the bar, and of the opinions delivered from the bench. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the lord chancellor concurred with the master of the rolls, and the judges Buller and Laurence, in declaring the validity of the will of the late Mr. Thellusson, who, whatever be the caprice of his testamentary disposition, has clearly not contravened, and has not even availed himself of the full extent of, the law on the subject of *executory devise*. This, indeed, must have been so clear to the view of a lawyer, that the great amount of the testator's property did not justify the experiment tried on the court of chancery for the purpose of invalidating the will.

MEDICINE, &c.

A Table of Symptoms, pointing out such as distinguish one Disease from another; as well as those which show the Degree of Danger in each Disease. Vol. I. 8vo. No Publisher's Name.

A proper motto for this author would have been 'in tenui labor est, at tenuis non gloria.' His work is, in reality, highly useful, and ought to accompany every system of domestic medicine, in those houses, where any one, with little knowledge, assumes the direction in cases the most urgent, and, to the ablest practitioners, the most embarrassing. The writer's object is, by showing the tendency of the symptoms, and pointing out the diseases which they indicate, to prevent the rash injudicious tampering of *old women*, in cases of danger. So far as he has gone, his work is judiciously executed; but it seems to us not sufficiently full, and, in a few circumstances, not accurately discriminative. We have long had a work of this kind in view; but we are glad to find it in such able hands, and are convinced that farther reflexion will suggest many improvements.

Some judicious reflexions on the bad consequences of indulging children, either as mistaken kindness occasions disease, or prevents the use of proper remedies, are added. These were intended for a periodical work, and appear to have been actually printed for a publication of that kind; but the author thinks that they will be more useful in their present situation. In this respect we must differ from him: they will reach, comparatively, few individuals; and these will be such as do not require them.

A cursory View of the Treatment of Ulcers, more especially those of the Scrofulous, Phagedænic, and Cancerous Description. With an Appendix, on Baynton's new Mode of treating old Ulcers of the Leg. By Richard Nayler. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Kearsley. 1800.

Mr. Nayler's observations, though too cursory, and in many parts not remarkable for their novelty, are chequered with useful practical hints and reflexions. We think, however, that he ought to have confined himself to the three subjects on which he has

written most at large, or have allowed himself more room for the consideration of ulcers in general.

The Appendix is respectable; but experience only can decide whether the theory which Mr. Nayler has applied to Mr. Baynton's mode of curing old ulcers of the leg by mechanically drawing the skin over them be really applicable or not. We hope that the opportunity afforded to our author of farther ascertaining the value of this discovery, by his practice in a public hospital, will not be neglected.

A View of the Perkinean Electricity, or, an Enquiry into the Influence of Metallic Tractors, founded on a newly-discovered Principle in Nature, and employed as a Remedy in many painful inflammatory Diseases, as Rheumatism, Gout, Quinsy, Pleurisy, Tumefactions, Scalds, Burns, and a Variety of other Topical Complaints: with a Review of Mr. Perkins's late Pamphlet on the Subject; to which is added, an Appendix, containing a Variety of Experiments, made in London, Bath, Bristol, &c. with a View of ascertaining the Efficacy of this Practice. By Charles Cunningham Langworthy. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Dilly.

The Perkinean electricity is a species of Galvanism, the medical effects of which we cannot yet appreciate. Many practitioners of credit have thought well of it; but physicians, eager for novelty, have often a puerile fondness for every thing uncommon; the earliest reports are frequently cherished with unusual care, and early experiments are repeated with no common prepossession. Some of these reports, we think, must have been founded in prejudice or error.

POETRY.

Poems, by the Rev. John Black, Minister of Butley, Suffolk. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Robinsons. 1799.

It is an ill omen when an author begins by attacking the critics.

'The critics will me sorely maul,
And dip their pens in bitter gall;
They'll tell me, what, alas! I know:
"My lines, with little smoothness, flow;
That Fancy's visions all so bright,
Have never burst upon my sight;
That I cannot, with thrilling tone,
Make every reader, all my own:
Of Wit, that not a single spark
E'er flashes to relieve the dark:
From first to last, that all is tame,
Devoid of Genius' holy flame."
'Well, masters of the frowning brow,
All this is truth, I must allow:

No Homer, Virgil, Milton, I;
Nor can I with the Ploughman * vie.
'No copious ſtream my Muſe rolls down,
Thro' foreſts vaſt, with horror brown;—
A gentle, tiny, gurgling rill,
She glides adown the heathy hill:—
Yet ſeated on the daiſied brink,
The ſhepherds of the rill may drink.—
'With mountain pines, ſhe can't compare,
Wide waving in the breezy air;
Nor with the ſweetly bluſhing roſe,
Which all around its fragrance throws:
But underneath the ſhady broom,
A lowly Pancy, ſee her bloom,
Unknit your brows then, critics!—ſmile!—
And let this Pancy bloom a while.
Without your ſtorms, alas! 'twill creep,
Poor harmleſs thing! to laſting ſleep.—
Forgotten too, your works ſhall lie;
For Nettles, muſt like Pancies die.' p. 6.

'Sometimes,' ſays Swift, 'one king makes war upon another—for fear the other ſhould make war upon him.' This ſeems to have been Mr. Black's reaſon for commencing hoſtilities. But we are not diſpoſed to *ſting* him. He has himſelf, in the lines which we have quoted, juſtly appreciated his own merits. In the prologue he ſtates his motive for publiſhing.

'My daughter went to ſee a friend,
Whoſe ſenſe and ſweetneſs all commend;
And tho' ſhe is not given to roam,
A rapturous letter ſhe wrote home;
That, while the ground lay hid in ſnow,
She ſaw an Eden round her blow:
The cauſe of this effect I ſpied,
And thus in turn to her replied.

'And ſo the pil'd up faggots blaze,
The feſtive converſe flows;
And you behold a paradiſe
Amidſt a waſte of ſnows!

'The ſolitude delights you more,
Than all the noiſy town:
Long may the bliſs of paradiſe
The lovely Charlotte crown:

''Tis ſhe that makes the ſcene appear
So charming to your eye:

* Burns.

The din of London too would charm,
Were lovely Charlotte nigh.

'My daughter lik'd this little ſtrain—
Sweet filial love oft ſoothes my pain—
Was glad to find 'midſt froſt and ſnow,
My Muſe, long dry, begin to flow.
I ſaw how cheaply—with what eaſe—
Thoſe whom we love, we're ſure to pleaſe.
It was no day to walk abroad;—
The ſnow lay drifted in each road:
I glanced o'er many humble rhimes,
Which had been penn'd at various times;
As ſad, or gay, my heart had been,
Or wavering theſe extremes between:
As ſorrow made my eyes o'erflow,
Or gratitude diffus'd its glow:—
And thought:—"When I in death repoſe,
And o'er my turf the daiſy blows,—
My children, haply may peruſe,
Well pleas'd, theſe efforts of my Muſe."
This thought prov'd an exciting cauſe—
I print—ſecure of their applauſe:—
Content without the critics' praiſe,
Or ivy wreaths, or ſprigs of bays.' P. 2.

Theſe extracts ſufficiently ſhow the merit of the volume.

Morcar and Elfina. A Legendary Tale. 8vo. 1s. Mudie, Edinburgh.

We cannot afford many grains of approbation to the modern mode of legendary tale-writing. Unfortunately for the judgement of the dealers in legendary lore, 'what ſhould be great is turned to farce.'—The little tale now before us ſtrongly partakes of the general failing; but it is not the *worſt* of thoſe which have appeared at our tribunal. We would adviſe the author to correct his ear in future, as *name* and *again*, *moon* and *dawn*, *ran* and *clang*, are rhymes totally inadmiſſible. There are grammatical errors too in the tale, of ſo obvious a nature, that we wonder how they could have been committed. The ineffectual purſuit of the anxious lover, which ſhould produce a ſympathetic tenderneſs in the reader, will (we fear) produce only a *ſmile*.

'He ſought her here, he ſought her there,
Thro' hut and hovel too,
He ſought her thro' both wood and wild,
But all *it* would not do.'

Gentle reader, is the above quotation the child of ſimplicity or of inſipidity?

Ballad Stories, Sonnets, &c. By George Davis Harley, Comedian. Vol. I. 8vo. 4s. Dilly. 1799.

Since the publication of his former volume, Mr. Harley's muſe, we think, is conſiderably improved. In the preſent collection we have been moſt pleaſed with the piece entitled 'Herbert to his Mind.' It reminded us of our old poets, but only of their merits, not their negligence. From this poem we extract a few ſtanzas.

'I've hail'd the ſun's upriſing ray,
From Thetis' freſh embrace;
And mark'd, from ſome commanding ſcite,
His ruddy-ſetting face:
I've ſeen and heard the lark aſcend
On never weari'd wing,
And, loſt in light and azure blue,
His matin carols ſing;
But ſwift the fleeting minutes flew,
As tranſient bliſs, from me;
And left, ſtill-longing *Mind of mine*,
No laſting joy for thee!

'I've ſeen the mower with his ſcythe,
The milkmaid with her pail,
The ſun-burnt ſea-boy ſinging blithe,
And Cuddeh wield his flail;
Have paths of ſolitude explor'd,
The woods and wilds among;
Have realiz'd the poet's dream,
His moſt romantic ſong;
Yet ſaid, with Solomon the ſage,
"All, all is vanity!"
For, poor bewilder'd *Mind of mine*,
What was it all to thee?

'I've found in idle dreams delight,
And revell'd in my ſleep;
But morn hath all my joys diſpers'd,
And I have wak'd to weep.
From ev'ry fleeting ſcene I've found,
That hope but waits on fear;
And tranſport, if it come perchance,
Comes uſher'd by a tear!
Collecting thus from all I've ſeen,
And what I daily ſee,
Poor, diſappointed *Mind of mine*,
There is no joy for thee!

'With wine and all its gay delights,
Full often have I ſported;
Nor hath the eye of beauty paſs'd
Me, ſlighted or uncourted;
But ſoon the madd'ning fumes would quit
The poor bewilder'd brain;
And oft the female boſom prov'd
All inſincere as vain;
Determin'd then, I left the glaſs,
And from love's fetters free:
But, poor enamour'd *Mind of mine*,
'Twas no relief to thee!

'The buſy hum of men have I
Both heard and duly noted;
Have ſeen excelling worth cuff'd down,
And ignorance promoted;
The world's great whirliwig go round,
Its various tricks and fancies;
And changeful life's large lott'ry drawn,
Its prizes, blanks, and chances;
But ſuch a motley tiſſue all
Of checquer'd grief and glee,
That, poor o'erweening *Mind of mine*,
What was it all to thee?

'Falſe friendſhips I have cauſe to rue,
Affections unreturned;
For whom my life I held as nought,
For whom my boſom burned;
Deceit and envy play a game
With unſuſpecting honour,
And bring, by many a ſhuffling trick,
Suſpicion ſtrait upon her;
If ſuch the ſum of what I've ſeen,
And what I daily ſee,
Where, where, then, reſtleſs *Mind of mine*,
Can there be joy for thee?' P. 31.

The ballad of Egbert and Ellen pleaſantly varies the popular metre of Alonzo and Imogene.

''Twas a terrible night—and the hoarſe hollow wind
Round the ruins 'gan roaring about;
And beldams, to ſnug chimney-corners confin'd,
While unburth'ning the tales of each terror-fraught mind,
Huddled cloſe in the dark,
By the glimmering ſpark;
For the embers were juſt going out.' P. 1.

The tale itſelf is of inferior merit.

DRAMA.

Self Immolation; or, the Sacrifice of Love. A Play, in three Acts. By Augustus Von Kotzebue. Faithfully translated from the German by Henry Neuman, Esq. 8vo. 2s. Phillips. 1799.

This is the strangest of Kotzebue's plays. Maxwell has married the woman whom Walwyn loved, and whose affections were fixed upon Walwyn. He is reduced to poverty, and, in the delirium of distress, resolves to resign his wife to her former lover, and go to the East Indies. He communicates his resolution to his wife and to Walwyn: the interview between them explains their characters.

'*Arabella. (Perceiving him, starts convulsively)* Ha, Walwyn!

'*Walwyn. (Approaches with a modest and timid air)* After eight years of separation, I again see Arabella

'*Arab. (Endeavouring to compose herself)* Arabella Maxwell is happy to receive an old friend in her house.

'*Wal.* The title of your *friend* invests me with precious rights.

'*Arab.* Your own magnanimity has this day invested you with rights still superior. Accept the thanks which, as a mother and a wife, I owe you.

'*Wal.* Arabella's thanks were to me an invaluable prize—had not the offer for which they were made, been disdained!—

'*Arab.* That offer was not the less a favour. It flowed, I know, from the purest motives.

'*Wal.* This testimony gives me pride. But I am conscious that I have deserved it. *(With animation)* Yes, Arabella, I am yet entirely such as I was eight years since. Fortune has, indeed, made me rich; but my heart, my soul are still the same. *(He perceives Arabella to be under embarrassment, and moderates his ardour)* Pardon, pardon me, for having hinted at what is no more to be mentioned. At sight of you, I felt, as an old man might do, who, meeting with an ancient friend, remembers his spring of life. —And I seemed to myself, for the moment, to grow young again. Ah, no wonder, that your dear image should to me dissolve into a dream, the realities of eight long years, and should, with the efficacy of enchantment, bring back the moment when you last gave me your hand. Your cheeks were then, as now, pale; tears then flowed from your eyes, as now.

'*Arab.* And I then intreated of you, as I now do, to spare me.

'*Wal.* For eight long years have I avoided your presence. The desire of your husband brings me, this day, hither, Arabella! Oh knew you but the hopes he would teach me to conceive! No, never did the tempter wear a more seductive guise!—

'*Arab.* You allude to a wild idea, which my husband has recently hinted to me.

'*Wal.* I guess that he kept his word!

'*Arab.* You——

'*Wal.* Heard him with amazement.

'*Arab.* And let me hope—corrected him—gently—

'*Wal.* Oh! Arabella!—

'*Arab.* That sigh—this familiar address!—Should I be mistaken in regard to Walwyn? Should he be capable of trampling on the unfortunate wretch whom he sees writhing at his feet in the dust; then, oh, then would I be compelled to let him look into my heart,—then would I repeat to him those last words which he heard eight years since from my lips.—Do you still remember them?

'*Wal.* They are imprinted on my heart.

'*Arab.* Walwyn, I said—I love you. Fate unites me to another. Were you capable of asking me to tear this bond asunder; —did but one look of yours invite me to it—I should lose my last consolation—the consolation of loving and respecting you.—On my hand you pronounced the vow of virtue—

'*Wal.* Which I have ever kept sacred.

'*Arab.* Holding your hand, I swore eternal fidelity to my husband. I, too, have kept my oath. I do not say I have found the task a hard one: No; I have found it easy; for I possess a worthy man. For the first year, I might devote many a secret tear to the remembrance of the sweet dreams of younger years; yet these have been long assuaged by the new feelings of a mother's fondness.—Maxwell's wild fancy of this day might, perhaps, have seemed to me less extravagant, *before I was a mother*. A childless pair might dare to part! But now, Walwyn, now, no power on earth can break asunder the bonds of my duty.—No, not the power of love itself.

'*Wal.* I have not interrupted you: for, where I love, I delight to admire. The word escaped; but it came from the heart of a man who knows no wish of which he can need be ashamed. Arabella misunderstood me. I listened to your husband, merely to gain time, to soothe the fever of his soul, to save him from the wild phrenzy of despair. His sufferings have awakened within him powers hitherto unknown to himself, of which the new-born consciousness is pleasing. *To sacrifice himself for his wife*—is the splendid idea on which he, at present, delights to gaze, till his mind's eye become blind to every ray of other hope.—It is for this, that his pride devises so many refined pretences for refusing the assistance of a friend. These would he scarce resign for the sake of the salvation of his family and himself; for resigning these—he would lose the idol of his fancy, created by love, nurtured by want and despair, raised by disordered nerves to be the tyrant of his soul. —He must be gently and softly led back from the precipice to which he is hurried. As to the night-walker,—we must not call him by his name, but in silence stretch out our arms, that, if he fall, he may sink on the bosom of a friend.'

'*Arab.* (*Deeply affected, gives him her hand*) Excellent Walwyn!—Friend in diſtreſs!—How could I, for a moment, miſtake you!—

'*Wal.* It is only misfortune that excites diſtruſt againſt the man who once poſſeſſed the heart of Arabella!

'*Arab.* And was worthy of poſſeſſing it!—

'*Wal.* Wealth could not corrupt a heart ſacred to you. I came to concert with you the means of ſaving Maxwell, without ſuffering it to appear the work of my hand. Might we not deviſe ſome harmleſs artifice,—the bequeſt of ſome nabob's fortune,—or the fortunate gaining of a capital prize in the lottery. Pray, aſſiſt me to find out ſomething.' P. 44.

The cataſtrophe is as ſtrange as the other parts of the play. Maxwell throws himſelf into the Thames; but he is taken out in time, and a rich old man adopts him as his ſon. Very different opinions will be formed of this play. Some will think it ridiculous; others will be much affected by it.

The Diſcarded Secretary; or, the Myſterious Chorus. An hiſtorical Play, in three Acts. By Edmund John Eyre. 8*vo.* 2*s.* Longman *and* Rees. 1799.

In the preface to this drama we meet with the following remarkable paſſage.

'With the ſanguine expectation of having the play accepted, I ſent it to Mr. Harris, who returned it with an anſwer, that it was unfit for repreſentation. The ſame gentleman rejected my copy of the 'Fatal Siſters, or Caſtle of the Foreſt,' though the following year a play was brought out at Drury-Lane Theatre, ſo much reſembling it both in plot, incident, and character, that many of my friends noticed the ſimilitude. The piece I allude to is the Caſtle Spectre; and thoſe who will take the trouble to compare the latter with the one I have written, will eaſily diſcover the likeneſs.

I cannot directly accuſe Mr. Lewis of plagiariſm, or of having built his reputation on another man's foundation; for the adoption of the ſame thoughts might poſſibly happen without deſign. However, when I wrote to the gentleman to whom I had intruſted the copy, to return it without delay, he gave me no reply. Upon my addreſſing him twice again very preſſingly on the ſame ſubject, and intimating my reſolution of publiſhing it immediately, he then informed me, that it was not in his power to reſtore the manuſcript, for reaſons which he was aſhamed to own, but which he would explain at ſome future period. I concluded from this myſterious anſwer, that my bantling had been loſt at nurſe; but, upon the appearance of the Caſtle Spectre, I could not help ſuſpecting that the child was ſtolen. Though clothed in finer drapery, the features were ſtill the ſame, unaltered by the diſguiſe. If I am wrong in my conjectures, Mr. Lewis will, I hope, pardon this attack upon

his muse, as I should be sorry to sully the honour of a virgin. The accusation does not amount to positive evidence, but only to presumptive suspicion. I should not have mentioned the circumstance, but to prove that a manager may be sometimes mistaken in his opinion of the merits of a play; for the uncommon success of the Castle Spectre warrants me to suppose that my 'Castle of the Forest' would have stood the siege of criticism, and have been received with equal approbation.' P. vii.

Mr. Eyre's charge is ill founded. Both *play-wrights* were making a patch-work tragedy from modern romances; and we need not be surprised at the resemblance. We do not wonder at the constant rejection of this gentleman's pieces; for, though they are adapted for representation by stage-effect, in other points they are miserably defective. A brief specimen of the language will show its feebleness. Davison is preparing to stab queen Elizabeth in her sleep, when lord Frederic enters with six yeomen of the guards.

' *Lord Frederic.* Hold, regicide!
' *Davison.* Surrounded as you are
By mercenary slaves, well may you come,
And boast a conquest of a single man.
' *Lord Fred.* Whilst you, by magnanimity inspir'd,
Stole like a lurking robber to the room,
And bravely ventur'd, with determin'd soul,
To stab an unarm'd princess as she slept!
' *Dav.* Her justice slept; to me her eyes were clos'd,
For not one beam of mercy did illume
The darksome road of persecuting hate.
' *Queen.* I'm not regardless of my people's sighs,
But would redress their wrongs; for sov'reign pow'r
Is like the vivifying rays of day,
Which dry the dew-drops of the humblest plant,
Expand the blossoms of the modest rose,
As well as culture the aspiring oak!
' *Davison to Lord Frederic.*
' Thou double traitor!—First, forsake thy queen,
And then forsake thy honour and thy word.
' *Lord Fred.* My oath of secrecy unbroke I kept;
No vow ere bound me to prevent your plans.
' *Queen.* Say, who art thou, whose savage purpose sought
To slake your vengeance with the blood of majesty?
' *Dav.* What, is the air that doth surround a throne,
Fogg'd with such vapours thou can'st not discern;
Or, do these tatter'd vestments but conceal
(As does the earth the precious gems beneath)
The inborn virtues of a noble mind?
Have two years bitter pain disfigured quite,
The living portrait of degraded man?

'*Queen.* Davison!
'*Dav.* Ay, the same; behold him well.
Now finish what your cruelty began;
Against him hurl your thunderbolts of law,
And hang your victim on the fatal beam.
'*Queen.* To let you know how widely thou hast err'd,
Peruse this paper, every sentence there,
Will change thy fury into deep remorse.
'*Dav.* On the first view I see my name inscrib'd!
(*Reads*) "Let the chief business of my leisure thoughts
Search for the unrewarded Davison;
And as an earnest of my gratitude,
For services perform'd with faithful care,
Supply him with the means of present joy;
Promise refreshing comfort to his days,
And wipe from mis'ry's eye the starting tear."
(*Drops the paper.*)' P. 61.

The Ugly Club: A dramatic Caricature in one Act. Performed on the 6th of June, 1798, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. By Edmund Spenser, the younger. 8vo. 1s. Cawthorn.

A composition of which we cannot speak in praise.

NOVELS, &c.

Court Intrigue; or, the Victim of Constancy, an Historical Romance. By the Author of Mental Improvement. 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 7*s. sewed.* Lane. 1799.

The incidents of this novel are supposed to commence during the civil wars of England, in the time of Charles I. The victim of constancy is the female offspring of a secret marriage between her mother and a prince of the blood royal of France. She is discarded by her step-father from his presence, and sent to a castle in England. She meets with prince Charles, then a wanderer and a fugitive; and they exchange vows of honorable love. After the Restoration the lady visits the court, and, through the treacherous agency of the duchess of Orleans, is seduced by Charles, and added to the number of his mistresses.—The dissolute manners of the British court at that period are described with spirit, and without the voluptuous colouring which so often renders compositions of this kind mischievous to young readers.—Though there are no licentious passages in this story, it is rather vulgarised by the introduction of *lord Rochester* and *Nell Gwynn.*

Reuben and Rachel; or, Tales of old Times. A Novel. By Mrs. Rowson. 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 7*s. sewed.* Lane. 1799.

This production is a strange medley of romance, history, and novel, in which the scenery is changed with the pantomimical ra-

pidity of Voltaire's *Candide.* New characters and new narratives are frequently introduced; and we were in ſome meaſure ſurpriſed that a noveliſt of Mrs. Rowſon's experience ſhould have aukwardly thrown together, in two volumes, a number of ſtories ſufficient (in the hands of a dexterous manufacturer) to have occupied nearly ten times the ſpace on the ſhelves of a circulating library.

Weſtbrook Village. A Novel. 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 7*s. ſewed.* Lane. 1799.

This novel contains many features of real life, and many ſentiments valuable for their correctneſs and importance in our intercourſe with ſociety. The characters of Henry Belville and the amiable Laura Kilford are well drawn; and the progreſs of the tender attachment between them is intereſtingly deſcribed; we cannot, however, forbear remarking, that the miſrepreſentations and other obſtacles which delay their union, are ſo frivolous, as to exhibit a contrary extreme to the uſual propenſity of noveliſts, who make the true-lover's knot '*dignus vindice nodus.*'

We are ſorry to obſerve alſo, that a clergyman is introduced as engaged in a duel. This incident, though it has ſometimes occurred in life, might well have been omitted.

The Man of Nature; or, Nature and Love. From the German of Miltenberg. By William Wennington (after the Edition Bauer, 1797*), with Notes illuſtrative and comparative, by the Tranſlator.* 8*vo.* Printed for the Tranſlator. 1799.

An improbable ſtory, which did not deſerve to be tranſlated, told in the language of affectation. 'The peaſants *idead* the cot as the ſeat of prayer.' This is one inſtance; and many others might be adduced.

Les Petits Emigrés; ou Correſpondance de quelques Enfans. Ouvrage fait pour ſervir à l'Education de la Jeuneſſe. Par Mme. de Genlis. 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* Dulau *and* Co. 1799.

A London edition of a work which we reviewed in our [illegible] Vol. (New Arr. p. 509), with grammatical notes, intended for the uſe of ſchools.

MISCELLANEOUS LIST.

An Addreſs to the People of Great Britain, on the Doctrine of Libels, and the Office of Juror. By George Dyer, B. A. 8*vo.* Printed for the Author. 1799.

Mr. Dyer is an occaſional votary of the Muſes, and has in ſeveral publications diſcovered ſome talents and learning. The preſent addreſs is introduced by a ſhort preface, in which the writer thus intimates his motives.

'Having revolved in my mind the frequency of proſecution for libels in the preſent reign, I, ſeveral years ago, determined to devote ſome period of my life to an inveſtigation of the ſubject, and to ſubmit my thoughts to the public. The doctrine of libels, and the duty of jurors, ſhould be familiar to every Engliſhman, in order that he may underſtand the rules of prudence, ſhould he become a writer; and comprehend his own dignity, ſhould he be called to ſit in judgment on his fellow-citizens. I have, accordingly, after ſerious reflection, and ſome minuteneſs of inquiry, laid down in former publications ſeveral principles, as a ground for after reaſoning; and make, without ſcruple, frequent quotations from them in the preſent pamphlet; not through complacency at what I formerly publiſhed, but from a conſciouſneſs that I proceeded at the time with accuracy, and that the preſent courſe of my ſtudies leaves me leſs leiſure for ſuch inquiries than formerly. For ſimilar reaſons, no leſs than for the ſake of authority, I make numerous quotations from other writers.

'Of the imperfections of this work I am ſufficiently aware. Private libels I, deſignedly, leave unnoticed for the preſent; and public libels are not characteriſed with ſufficient minuteneſs, nor guarded ſufficiently by legal deciſions, to anſwer every purpoſe of the politician. An attempt to deliver ſufficient cautions on this head would, indeed, have been an experiment, that, however popular and however uſeful, was not immediately before me; and I entirely paſs the ſubject, juſt obſerving, that, amid the uncertainties of law, the fluctuations of legal deciſion, the hazards of contending parties, and the thouſand perplexities of eventful periods, the political writer muſt be his own guide.

'But this work, though wandering too far from a certain mark, to direct the politician, haſtens immediately, according to its original deſtination, to guide the juror: for, with reſpect to what is here offered on the doctrine of libels, and the duty of jurors concerned in public libels, I am not conſcious of any deviations from the truth. With regard to a few opinions, I may, probably, differ from ſome perſons, whoſe talents and whoſe judgements I yet revere; but ſuch perſons will be the firſt to indulge me in a difference of ſentiment, and to exerciſe candour, where they perceive no intention to miſlead.' P. iii.

We do not think that Mr. Dyer will increaſe his reputation by this addreſs, which is written in a deſultory manner, and contains no novelty of argument on the ſubject of proſecution for libels.

A Letter to the Lord Biſhop of London. By a Layman. 8vo. 1s. Payne.

This layman was a contemporary with the biſhop at the univerſity, and has witneſſed with pleaſure his lordſhip's progreſs through a variety of preferments to his preſent exalted ſtation. In conſequence of this acquaintance with the prelate's character, and the

excellent advice suggested in the last charge to his clergy, the author addresses him with great propriety on the necessity of enforcing the residence of a clergyman in every parish, and of a due examination of every candidate for holy orders. These two points, indeed, cannot be too zealously insisted upon by every friend to the established church; but we apprehend that exhortations will be of little avail, till it shall become the custom of bishops to reside more in their respective dioceses, and to patronise the curates, vicars, and rectors, who may distinguish themselves by a due discharge of their parochial duties. While we approve the general tenour of this letter, we observe with regret some insinuations thrown out against the catholics on their new college in the county of Hertford. Such an institution is a sign of the improved liberality of the times, and is highly proper for such of our countrymen as retain the creed of their ancestors. The catholic subjects of Great-Britain were formerly under the necessity of travelling to Douay, Liege, Paris, Rome, for their education, and consequently were in danger of contracting habits pernicious to the interests of their country. They will now retain their English manners, and, with their religion, will learn the common principles of English education. The insinuation that plots may be formed in this college against the church and state, is highly ridiculous. The methodists have their colleges, the presbyterians their academies; why should not the catholics have their seminaries? Popery cannot in these days be an object of real terror to any one; and it may be a useful stimulus to the exertions of the clergy of the established church.

Le Négociant Universel, ou Recueil de Lettres originales de Commerce, écrites par les meilleures Maisons de Russie, Hollande, Angleterre, France, Espagne, Portugal, Allemagne, Italie, Turquie, &c. avec une Table Alphabétique des Termes usités dans le Négoce. Ouvrage propre à servir de Modèle à une Correspondence Françoise, et à former le vrai Style commercial. Utile aux Négocians, Marchands, Commis, &c.—A l'Usage de la jeunesse Angloise qui se destine au Commerce. Par G. Keegan, Maître de l'Académie, Manor-House, Kennington. 8vo. 5s. Vernor *and* Hood. 1799.

The Universal Negotiator; or a Collection of original Commercial Letters.

This collection was published for the purpose of furnishing merchants' clerks with specimens of a commercial style, and for the facilitation of their first efforts in conducting a correspondence with a foreign country. The letters are not ill calculated for the end proposed in their publication; and we hope that the laborious editor will meet with a due reward, in the favorable reception of his book.

Moral Reflections; suggested by a View of London from off the Monument. By John Evans, A. M. 12mo. 6d. Crosby.

The mind habituated to reflexion, and imbued with virtuous

principles, may profitably meditate on the works of nature, and derive no leſs advantage from obſervations on thoſe of art. 'Endeavour,' ſays Dr. Watts, 'to derive ſome inſtruction or improvement of the mind from every thing which you ſee or hear, from every thing which occurs in human life, from every thing within you or without you.' Adhering to this good advice, Mr. Evans gives us the reſult of the 'reflexions which were ſuggeſted to his mind by the proſpect from the monument.' His remarks are pleaſing and pertinent; the offspring of a pious and well-informed mind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Duncan, we readily correct a ſlight miſ-ſtatement which occurred in a late article. That writer, it appears, did not defend himſelf (ſee our laſt Volume, p. 425) from an *attack* made upon him by the author of the Purſuits of Literature, but 'diſproved a general inference drawn by the ſatiriſt from the virulent invectives of Mr. Miller (a catholic) againſt our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment.'

Mr. Coſins objects to an aſſertion in our *critique* on Mr. de Courcy's ſermon, reſpecting the conſiſtency of *ſelf-defence* with the precepts of religion. We ſhall only obſerve, that ſuch conduct, though repugnant to the *letter* of ſome texts of ſcripture, is juſtified by the *ſpirit* of other paſſages.

Mr. Middleton's Agricultural Survey of Middleſex is under conſideration.

*** One half of a century has elapſed ſince the firſt publication of the Critical Review; and in this period the prices of labour and materials have been more than doubled; yet that of our Journal has continued, in effect, unchanged; for when, ſome years ſince, the price was augmented, a proportional addition was made to the bulk. The preſent advance of price, therefore, does not ariſe from mere choice, but from neceſſity—a neceſſity long felt, which has already induced one of the moſt reſpectable of our literary brethren to raiſe the price of his Journal, and which now compels us to follow his example. What the juſtice of the public has granted to him, will not, we truſt, be refuſed to us; and, while we embrace this occaſion of expreſſing our gratitude for former patronage, we declare our firm reſolution of endeavouring to merit, by ſtrenuous exertions, a continuance of ſuch ſupport.